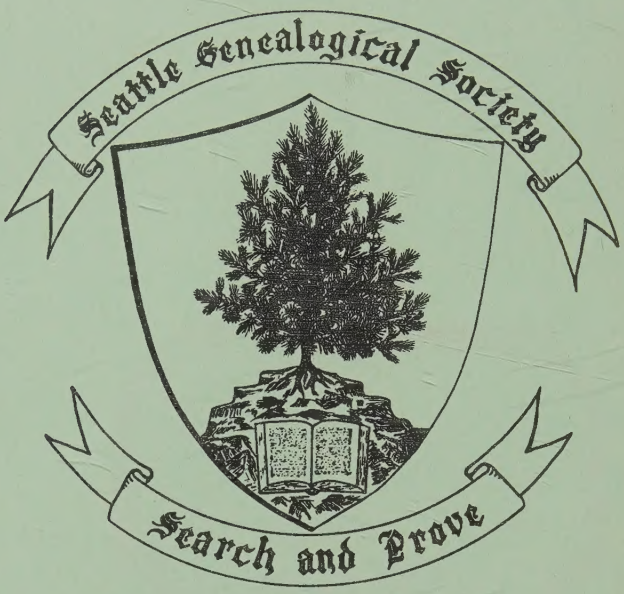
COLORADOAN 1902



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Many men regard veracity as a natural enemy.—Munch. M- -ie.

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Here lies the bones of Willie-be-Good,
Where he went none understood;
If to the realms of peace and love,
Farewell to happiness above;
If happily to some lower level,
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Here lies the body of W. L. T.,
Who never more will trouble you, not he;
He got a fish bone in his throat,
And then he sang an angel note.

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F----- heard the angels calling him from that celestial shore;
He flopped his wings and away he went, to make an angel more.

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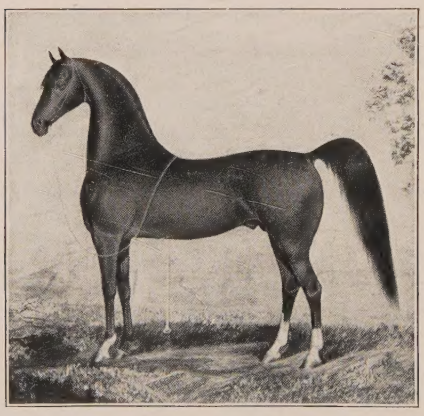

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Here lies the body of Elizabeth Mann,
Who lived an old maid and died an old Mann.

To Our Friends and Patrons

Spring is with us once again, and as we extend the season's greeting we wish to offer a renewed welcome to our store. We should like to have you think of us first when contemplating the purchase of your Spring Outfit . . . . . If you are a customer of ours, we believe that you will continue your patronage, but if you are not within the fold, and have never worn our clothing, we think you are making a mistake, for we not only carry the largest assortment in Boulder County, but carry all standard makes.

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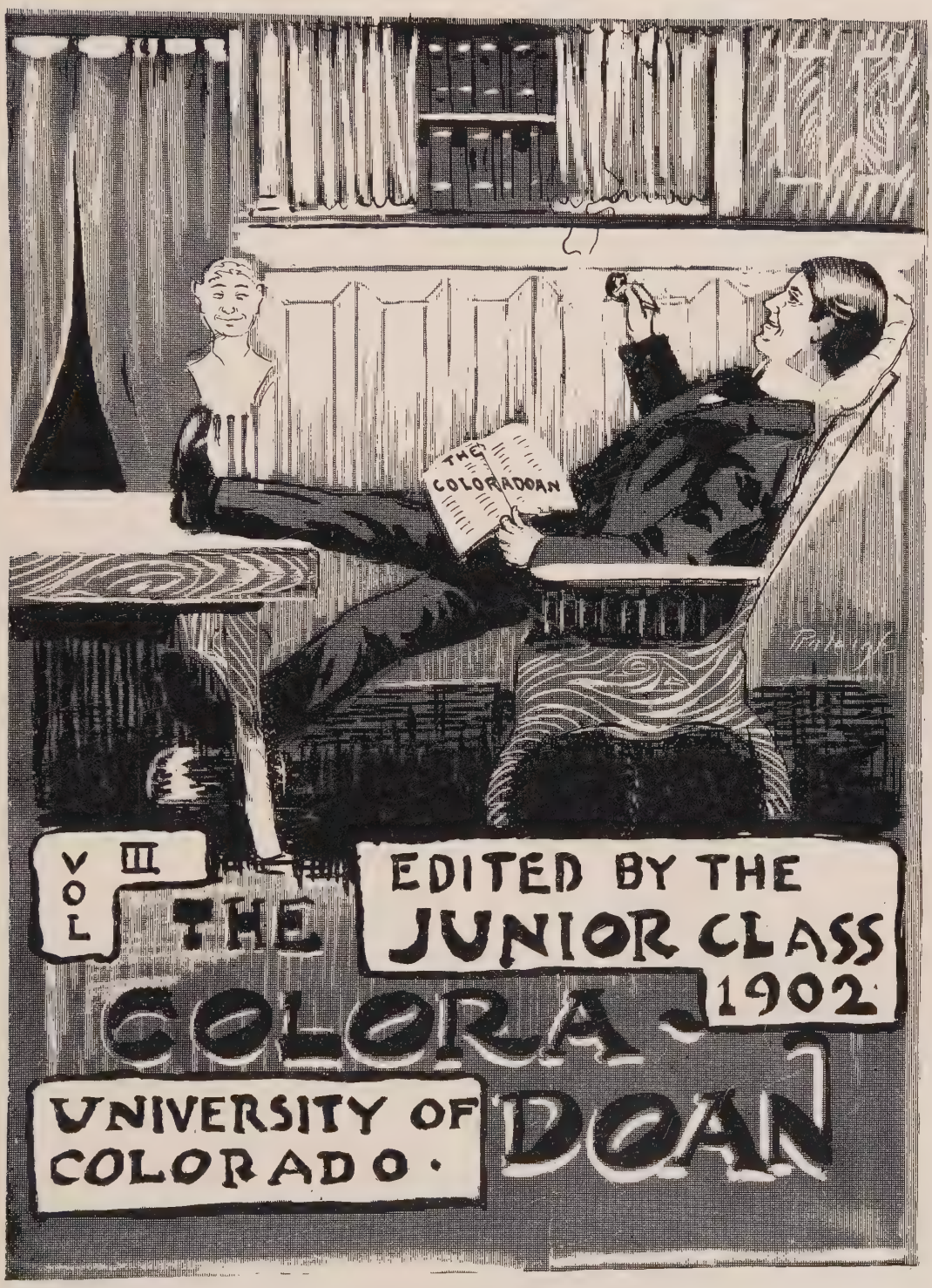

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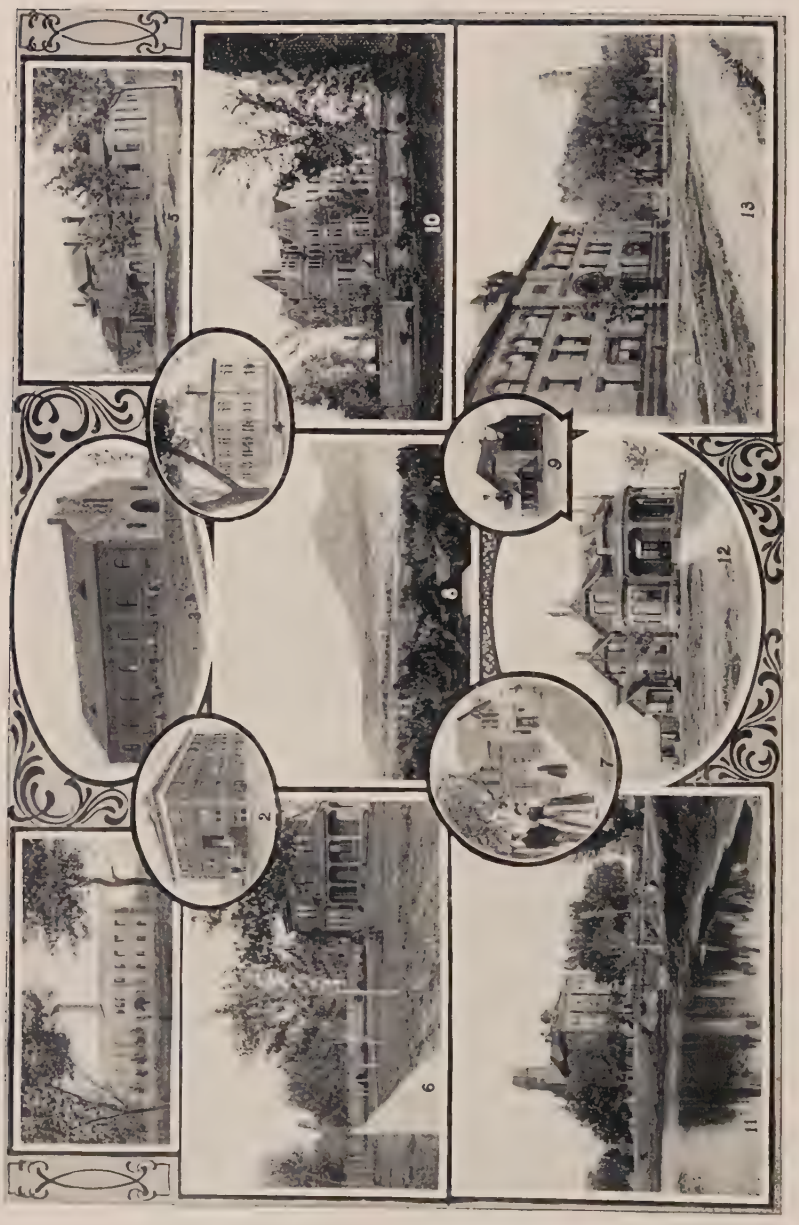
To our honored President,
James H. Baker, this book
is appreciatively dedicated.



ALMA MATER

As the shadows slowly lengthen,
And the day draws near its close,
Comes a dreamy hour of leisure
That only the student knows.
From our books and Profs. and lessons,
With relief we turn aside,
In this happy hour of twilight,
Roam we o'er the campus wide.

In and out among the buildings,
Stopping under shady trees,
Listening to the song of Nature,
Softly sung by th' evening breeze,
Where the lake's clear rippling waters
Wash up in the leafy glen,
There to rest and hear about us
The wafted songs of maids and men.

From behind the great blue mountains,
From the rosy golden west,
The silvery clouds come sailing
Like the islands of the blest;
From our hearts with mighty swelling,
Comes the burst of love for thee,
Alma Mater, Colorado,
"We will ever loyal be."

—H. C. D.

ARAPAHOE

In the morning light I view,
Blessing every day anew,
Shining bright against the blue,
Dazzling white, Arapahoe;
And at eve returning slow,
Wearied with this life of woe,
In thy rosy sunset glow
Breathe new hope, Arapahoe.
But when 'neath the stars at night,
Glowing with the moonbeams' light,
Silent in majestic height,
Thou art seen, Arapahoe;
All my heart goes out to thee,
Longing high and bright to be,
Pure and bright and calm like thee,
Poet's dream, Arapahoe!
Thou at times are overcast;
Keen and cold the winter blast,
But the dark clouds sailing past
Show thee bright, Arapahoe.
Or if in the noon-day life
When the raging winds are rife,
Tossed thy snows and soiled with strife,
In the night, Arapahoe,
Thou restor'st thy ruffled crest,
Smooth'st again thy troubled breast,
Stand'st at morn so purely dressed,
Brave, serene, Arapahoe.
Shall I e'er thy calmness learn,
Gain the strength for which I yearn?
How can I thy secret earn,
Heaven-kissed Arapahoe?

—Anna M. Grant.

OUR UNIVERSITY

It is not by accident that a college is ever built upon a hill. The choice of a lofty site is but the fitting and inevitable expression of a lofty purpose. Years ago, men of lofty purpose set our college on a hill, looking out on spreading plains, looking up towards towering peaks, that the outward scenes might typify our ideal of inward growth. And this is what we seek—a soul as broad as these expanding plains and as high as these aspiring peaks which pierce the sky and lure her radiant clouds as if they fain would draw heaven to them if they cannot rise to her.

Long ago they planted the ivy which each year reaches higher, spreads wider, and clings closer to the dear old walls. So with our Alma Mater—each year her ideals are higher, her influence wider, her ties stronger.

What banner is bright and fair enough for such a school, they said. Down deep in the heart of the mountains lurk veins of silver and gold. Great must be the patience, toil and courage of him who would find them. Deep in the law of past ages, deep in the life of the present are treasures infinitely greater for him who has the courage to make them his own. This they thought as they looked towards the hills. Then they looked out over the smiling valley where the silvery ripples of little lakes and the rippling silver of winding streams flashed in the golden sun-light. Gold and silver hide in the heart of the mountains, silver and gold gleam on the breast of the plain, gold and silver are hopes and ideals, silver and gold shall be our banner—pure, bright, beautiful colors that shall never be tarnished by an unworthy thought or deed.

And all these years, true to the purpose of the men who first raised them over our school, they have waved on the field and rostrum, at home and abroad. And the dawn strikes the east with silver ribbons and the sun-set streaks the west with streamers of gold; and the moonlight silvers the night and the sunlight makes gold the day. Wherever we look we see our colors gleaming, and our ideals stand out clearer and our hopes grow brighter and our love and loyalty grows ever stronger for the Silver and the Gold.

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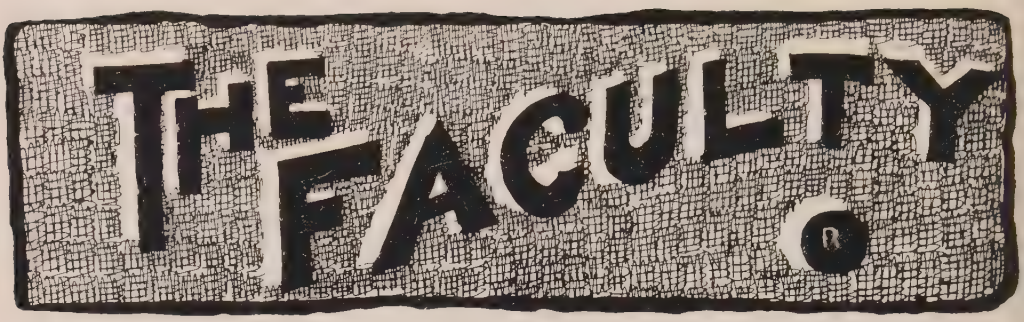

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Cornell University (1878).
University of Colorado, 1898.

Browne, John Joseph, B. A.,
Royal University of Ireland, 1899.

Clark, Frank Howard, B. D.,
University of Kansas, 1883.

Cleaves, Fordyce Perkins, B. A.,
Dartmouth, 1887.

Cole, Edward Everett, B. A., Ph. D.,
University of Illinois, 1883.
Colorado College, 1899.

Curtis, Charles Densmore, B. A.,
Pomona College, 1900.

Elliott, Edward C., M. A.,
University of Nebraska, 1897.

Hall, William Wesley, Ph. B.,
University of Colorado, 1900.

Herey, Emma Mary, Ph. B.,
University of Michigan, 1896.

Jones, Elmer Ellsworth, B. S.,
Monmouth College, 1894.

Kendrick, Addie Agatha, Ph. B.,
University of Colorado, 1897.

Kerr, Luella Mary, B. A.,
University of Chicago, 1896.

Leake, Emma Gertrude, Ph. B., M. Ped.,
University of Colorado, 1897.
New York University, 1898.

Neikirk, B. S.,
University of Colorado, 1898.

Patton, Arthur Lewis, B. S.,
Swarthmore College, 1898.

Smith, Alwyn Charles, B. S.,
University of Colorado, 1894.

Young, Robert Thompson,
University of Pennsylvania, 1896.

OUR GREETING
P.S. NOTHING HURTS IT
REGISTER ALL KICKS HERE
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With humble hopes that the third volume of the Coloradoan will please you; with sincere gratitude to all who have in any way helped in its production; with true appreciation of the valuable and kindly assistance given by last year's Board; with honest assurance that not a single joke or grind of a personal nature has been printed except in the kindliest spirit of college fun, absolutely untainted by any thought of malice; with the request that you please take them as intended and realize that we have not spared our dearest friends among the Faculty and students; and with apologies to any who honestly believe themselves to have been unjustly mentioned, we present this crystallization of our efforts.

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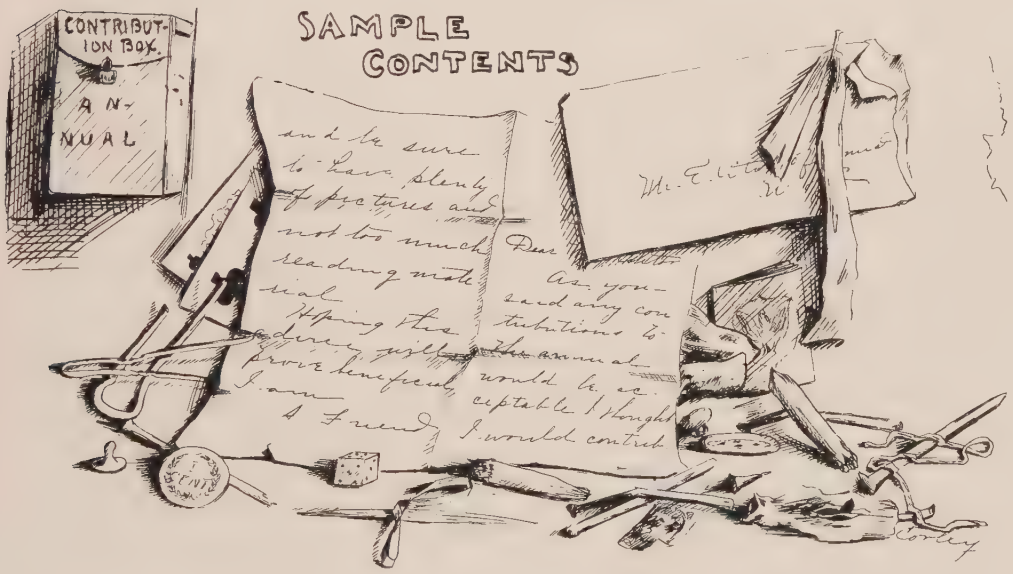

TO ALL SORE HEADS

Absolutely no attention will be given to anonymous or threatening communications. White-cap notices will pass unheeded and we positively decline to accept any challenges for duels.

Respectfully,

THE ROAST COMMITTEE.

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Class Of

1-9-0-1

THE CLASS OF 1901

"The first of the century, second to none,
We are the class of nineteen-one."

To write a history of the Class of 1901, in the space here given, is simply an impossibility; besides, it would require the pen of a gifted analyst (ours were all busy); then, too, some of it would have to be written in letters of gold, and we are too hard up for that.

We have been awful busy this year. We haven't had time to do much but drive clinchers into those 130 hours of credits; yet if you care to look up our record for the past few months, you will find that it does credit to such a class as is proclaimed in the lines above. In short, we are a modest lot of people and don't like to talk about the things we have done, for—

"In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility."

It is with almost awe and trembling that we contemplate the fact that we are seniors. Four years ago, as we stood in that greenest of green valleys and looked along the pathway toward those peaks, to the summit of which our ambitious hearts bade us climb, they stood far off and indistinct against the sky. The pathway looked long and steep. We could see many hills rising between peak and valley, and we were told that there were many that we could not see; but now that we have almost reached those heights, our joy is tempered with a feeling of sadness at thought of our journey's end, for that pathway, stretching behind, holds for us some of the sweetest memories that will ever come into our lives. Even the steepest hill has had its flood of sunshine; deep, clear springs, from which we have drunk with new-born pleasure; the joy of work and struggle; the training of failure and achievement;—then there have been the smoother pathways, through fair summer fields, between, that have brought the gladness and joy of life into our hearts.

The journey has been harder for some than for others. We number scarcely half as many as on that September morning when we first began our climb; some have been compelled to drop out for a time, others altogether; some have achieved greater success than others; but I find here in this band of pilgrims no trace of envy or rancor; only a broad sympathy and a kindly feeling of spirit for kindred spirit, for together we have helped make history for our great University, together we have shared its victories and its defeats, together we watched by it through dark days and bright, together we have seen it grow greater year by year, together we have received the blessings of its associations and its traditions.

One of the great things the journey has taught us has been to come to our work with hope and good courage, and now as the bed of clouds lifts for a moment and lets in a view of the great broad fields into which our pathway branches and goes its different ways over other and yet steeper peaks, past other and more precious springs, we face our task with the bright hopefulness, the firm determination, the true spirit which our Alma Mater under the hills has ever fostered in the minds and hearts of her children.

Lastly, there is a torch charged with the golden beams and the happy light of the sun, which has guided us on the way, and which will continue to brighten the pathway of the future,—the friendship of our

fellow students, and the association of those who have given us of the best of their knowledge and experience with a deep sympathy and kindly encouragement without which our journey could not have been.

CLASS OF 1901

YELL.

First of the Century,
Second to none,
We're the class
Of 1901.

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Old Rose, Silver and Gold.

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Brines, Mary Ann, B. Ph.
Bruns, Zoa Emma, B. S.
Callahan, Ella, B. A.
Carlson, George Alfred, B. Ph.
Carr, Harvey A., B. S.
Carroll, Mabel Mae, B. S.
Cook, William Alexander, B. Ph.
Danford, Jessie Maria, B. S.
DeLong, Edith Elizabeth, B. Ph.
Dier, John Quaintance, B. Ph.
Drake, Nellie Ells, B. Ph.
Elden, Laeta, B. A.
Elden, Maud, B. A.
Elmer, Henry Goldsmith, B. A.
Elwell, Mary Elvira, B. Ph.
Garbarino, Lucinda Marie, B. A.
Garwood, Omar Elvin, B. Ph.
Hatch, Willard Packard, B. A.
Hopkins, Frank H., B. S.
Howard, Wellington, B. S.
Hubbard, John Charles, B. S.
Lory, Charles Alfred, B. S.
Martin, Harold Page, B. Ph.
Merten, Frederick Henry, B. A.
Nixon, John C., B. S.
Painter, Harry Tilden, B. A.
Peterson, Wilkins Oswald, B. Ph.
Plummer, Fanny Towne, B. Ph.
Ricketts, Blanche Ethelyn, B. Ph.
Ricketts, Elizabeth Leota, B. Ph.
Ross, Clara Belle, B. Ph.
Ross, Ellen Gertrude, B. Ph.
Savory, Ada, B. L.
Taylor, Julia Clarissa, B. Ph.
Upton, Gertrude Eizabeth, B. A.
White, Fred Lewis, B. A.
Wolcott, Frank Howard, B. S.
Wright, Ethel Maryatt, B. A.

PAST!

The gentle slope stoops down to kiss
The sleeping lake within its arms,
And smiles as would a mother smile
To see her child reflect her charms.

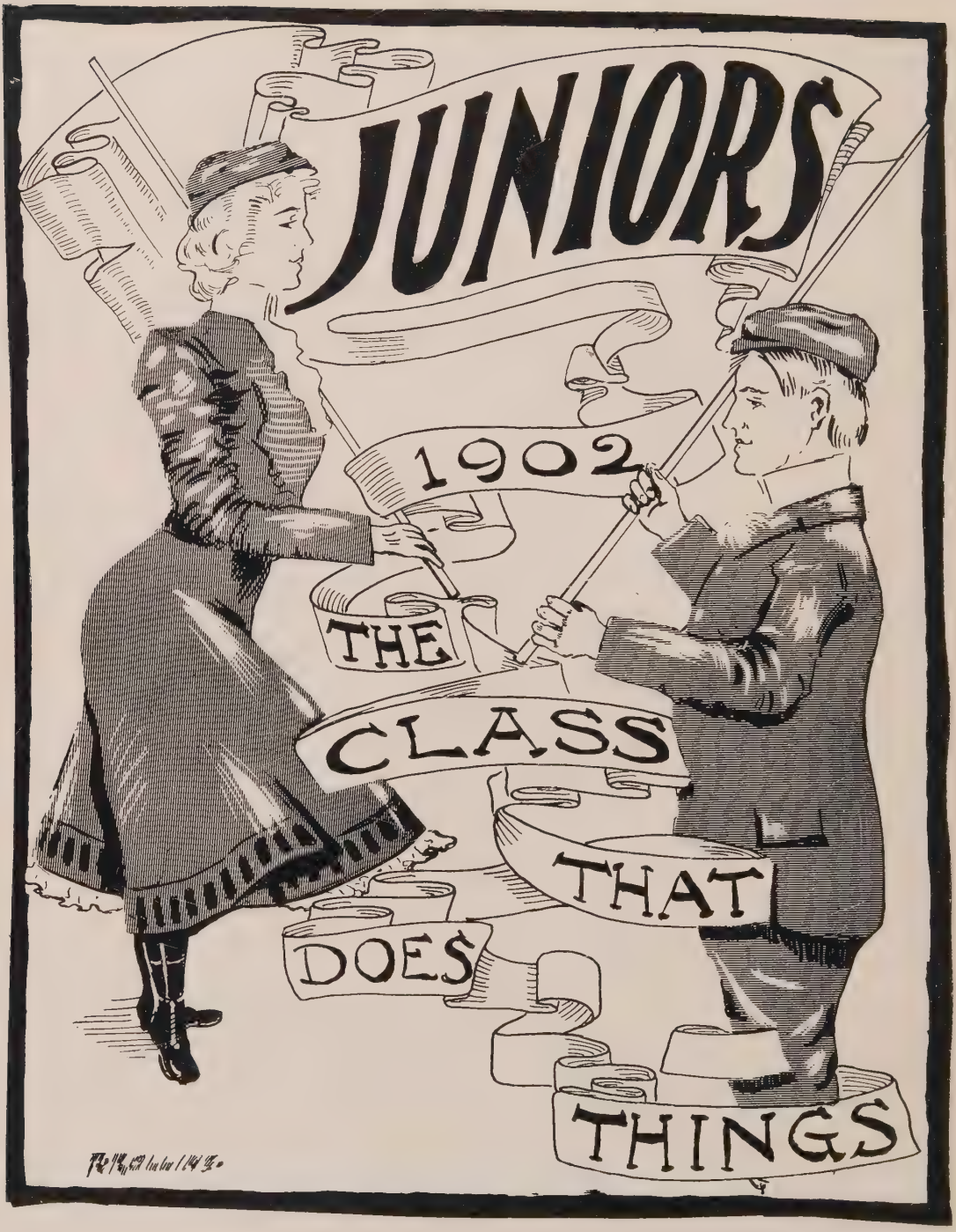
The morning breeze blows freshly in,
And whispers secrets to the leaves;
The sunny sky, the slope, the lake
All move to help the heart that grieves.

Beneath the tree my lady sits,
And idly turns the pages o'er
Whereon are writ the classic thoughts
Of poets, but she sees much more.

Her gaze is fixed deep in the lake,
As if, in what was mirrored there,
She read her thoughts, reflected back,
As was the sky, serene and fair.

The pages stop, for from their midst
A faded English violet falls.
She slowly picks the flower up,
And sighs at what her heart recalls.

The leaves droop low and whisper not,
The wind is hushed by woman's tears.
And clasping tight the faded flower,
She lives again those four long years.


JUNIORS
1902
THE
CLASS
THAT
DOES
THINGS

THE CLASS OF 1902

To begin the class history with our latest and greatest achievement we mention first this Coloradoan. Its merits are manifest. Next comes that original prank of sending up the effigy Senior in all his glory. What followed was awful, the deed of some misguided Senior who must have imagined from the President's manner that he was implicated in the insult to Senior dignity. Certainly if the Juniors had known that their sins were to be visited on Dr. Baker's reverend head, they would have borrowed shoes half-a-size smaller. Another part in the scene was to be played by Junior girls in caps and gowns, but all Seniors are not so gallant as Mr. White.

Then we had a wedding lately, so romantic, but, we confess, productive of dubious Benefits. This was the second within a year, the other was a quiet, altogether Lawful proceeding. And this may not be the last; the Annual manager is frequently seen in a Brown study. But without borrowing from the future we can claim six married people, among them the "Gentleman from Indiana."

We gave a reception, too, which the Freshmen gratefully remember. The success was complete, for even the old wire-cutting trick only displayed Junior dexterity and coolness. But we will not take all the glory. Much is due to the Juniors of the other schools and to the attraction of their representative corners, including that arranged at the eleventh hour.

The Faculty has recognized the ability of our class by selecting from it several assistants, and in all student activities our representatives are honored. Ours are the Y. W. C. A. President, the ex-President of the Y. M. C. A., the Captain of the Basket Ball Team, the Leader of the Mandolin Club, and last year's Glee Club Leader. Two of the football "Cs" recently given came to us. Their wearers and our President belong to the Athletic Council. But our chief pride in Mr. Parton is for his oratory. Besides him we had two others in the local contest, one of them a woman student, the second who ever gained a place.

We might mention an active part in the spanking of the Freshmen, and, for the Sophomores, last year's base-ball, football and a midnight ducking, but such things seem trivial. We were Freshmen once, but why recall the day from its grass-grown grave? For us now there is the present, with its responsibilities and pleasures, and before us the future, full of plans, useful and beautiful. And so we go forward "Stepping there, with face towards the Sun."

—A. M. G.

CLASS OF 1902

YELL.

Whang bang, whang bang,
Ree rah rix roo,
Hobble gobble razzle dazzle,
1—9—0—2.

COLOR.

Lavender.

FLOWER.

Violet.

PRESIDENT.

Lemuel Frederic Parton.

VICE PRESIDENT.

Mary Ella Wood.

SECRETARY AND TREASURER.

Ralph E. Reed.

L. F. P., President of Junior Class, Captain Basket Ball Team, Second Prize Local Oratorical.

He early gained the power to pay
His cheerful self-reliant way.

C. H.

He has more learning than appears.

L. P. Π. Β. Φ. Girls' Basket Ball Team.

Where'er are jests and jousts at rhymes,
True love, and careless, jovial times.

J. S. S.

A quiet man at most, who upon occasion
May be 'roused to converse and to laugh.

J. K. C. W., Assistant Editor Coloradoan.

M. E. W. Κ. Κ. Γ. Vice-President of Junior Class.

A rare, sweet smile, a will inflexible.

A. H. L., Basket Ball Team, M. M.

When I said I would die a bachelor
I did not think I should live until I were married.

N. L. G.

The still reflection of the dew
Is her unconscious teaching.

L. A. N. Π. Β. Φ.

For every season she hath dressings fit,
For Winter, Spring and Summer.

S. W. R.

Much to himself he thought, but little spoke.

H. F. R.

A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent.

A. M. E.

I would study, I would know, I would admire forever.

M. H. W.

A modest maid, yet self-possessed withal.

M. E. B. Δ. Γ., Β. Β. Σ.

A gentle woman, sweet and firm.

O. S. F., Varsity-C-President Y. M. C. A., Assistant Biology.

For e'en though vanquished, he could argue still.

M. H. B.

One in whose gentle bosom
I could pour my secret heart of woes.

R. E. R., Assistant Math.
Profoundly skilled in Analytic.

W. S. R.
His heart as far from fraud as heaven from earth.

E. B. S.

She has brown hair and speaks small like a woman
Ever ready with cheery suggestion.

H. E. P. K. K. Γ. President Y. W. C. A.
Her cheerfulness is an off-shoot of her goodness.

W. M. P., M. M.

Neat and trimly dressed, fresh as a bridegroom.

A. M. G., Secretary Y. W. C. A.
So well to know her own, that what she wills to do or say,
Seems wisest, discreetest, best.

H. S. T. Σ. A. E., B. B. Σ. Varsity C≡Business Manager
Coloradoan. Financial Secretary, A. A.

A decent boldness ever meets with friends.

L. E. F.

She doeth little kindnesses
Which most leave undone or despise.

K. E. R-V. Δ. Γ.

A woman's lot is made for her by the love she accepts.

A. C. J. Β. Φ. Π. Leader Mandolin Club.

J. W., M. M.

But if it be a sin to covet honor
I am the most offending soul alive.

A. H. H

A maiden never bold.

J. W. N., Assistant Chemistry.

Wise to resolve and patient to perform.

W. C. A., Assistant Librarian.

If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work.

M. E. S.

A countenance in which does meet interest in all and gracior.

L. A. W. Β. Θ. Π. President ex-Sophomore Class, ex-Leader Glee Club, Editor-in-chief Coloradoan.

W. F. B. Σ. A. E.

He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men.

I. M. T.

Faithfully conning book lore through
all these studious years.

CLASS OF '03

THE CLASS OF 1903

Of the class of Sophomores, Oh, Muses sing,
Inspire my work and set my words on wing;
Tell how those god-like heroes forth from home did speed,
To eat from the tree of Knowledge and taste of Wisdom's weed,
In the high-roofed halls of that famous, that glorious U. of C.
And now, Oh Muse, come tell us what manner of men they be.
They are men mace-wielding, the kin of Zeus-born kings,
For it is in men so born to beget such noble things.
Did they not, with mighty, valiant hands,
Lay low the class of Freshmen upon the well-loved sand?
See, they apart from the others stand out against the sky,
And no one dare approach them or think to venture nigh.
For they seem not of mortals, but of the god folk they,
And the sun for them is not setting, but shining all the day.
Not long, when once installed, did men folk have to wait,
Before standing there among them uprose King Adams the Great.
And he betook himself to speaking, and so craftily he spake
That about his knees they besought him the medal he should take.
While there on high Olympus our Zeus father sat and smiled
That such should be the honor bestowed upon his child.
But e'er that smile had left the features of his face
The din and roar of warfare rose up in a distant place,
And there on the field of battle were men drawn up for fight;
Twenty-two he saw lined up there, and as his eyes beheld the sight
The dear heart within his breast was troubled and grave and sore,
For he knew not whence the conflict nor what the evil bore
To his well beloved sons of the class of 1903;
Nor need of all this worry nor need to grieve had he,
For slaughtered not were these men as oxen in the stall,
Nor yet of this football team was any man hurt at all.
But they stood, exalted, a victorious, triumphant race
Like were they to the Deathless who hold the heavenly space.
And shrilly-sweet about them the voice of Victory awoke,
As hither they came bepraised those Sophomore folk.
And straightway those trusty fellows did tell of their vanquished foe
And when we, rejoicing, had heard, then forth on their way did they go.
Seeking more foes to conquer, more battles, more medals to win,
Seeking to conquer that spirit, that indomitable master within.
And in our unceasing wanderings and unending battles through life,
We ask thee, Oh Zeus Pater, to guide and aid us through strife.
And we pray that our attempts and our efforts will ever as successful be
As in that time we were Sophomores in the dear old U. of C.

—V. D.

CLASS OF 1903

YELL.

Hoop la hi,—Hoop la hee,
Hoop la, Sophomores, 19—3.

COLORS.

Golden-Brown. Silver and Gold.

PRESIDENT.

Stanley K. Hornbeck.

ANNUAL STAFF.

Ethelbert Adams, Carrie E. Orton,
Eva Corley.

Adams, Ethelbert.
Allgire, Kathryn.
Ambold, Freda Minnie.
Argall, Phil. H.
Bell, William.
Bunyan Julia.
Burger, Kathryn Mohr.
Butler, Benjamin Franklin.
Carstens, Ruby Lily.
Clark, Neata.
Cooperrider, Albert Owen.
Corley, Eva.
Cunningham, William S.
Davidson, Ruth Murphy.
Holmes, Estelle May.
Dawson, Vera Gilbert.
Hornbeck, Stanley Kuhl.
Huntington, Phanie.
Jackson, Ethel.
Kallgren, Hilda Christina.
Kettle, Eliza Caroline.
Kettle, Sarah Isabella.
Lane, Laura Arlene.
Lubeck, Mable Virginia.
Malloy, Lavina Alice.
Matheson, Anna Blanche.
McCall, Addye Gertrude.
Melville, Anna.
Montgomery, Florence Margaret.
Morris, Ada.
Orton, Carrie Elizabeth.
Schwer, Nettie Jeanette.
Scott, Ruth Elsie.
Sickman, Arra Edna.
Small, Lavinia Alethea.
Sperry, Emma Frances.
Voight, Edna Edmunds.
Wedemeyer, Marie Henrietta.
West, Judson Ray.
Wise, Effie May.
Withrow, Marion Thomson.

THE CLASS
OF
1904
cat

CLASS OF 1904

YELL.

Hear us roar,—Hear us roar,
We're the class of 19—4.

COLORS.

Wine and Cream.

PRESIDENT.

Robert E. Snyder.

ANNUAL STAFF.

A. L. Richey, Nellie Williams. Mary Louise Wangelin,

EPISODE I

"All the girls of the University are cordially invited to the reception given by the Women's League, at the Gymnasium, next Saturday evening," so the invitation read. And a little whisper ran along the line of girls down below and up above in the chapel, a whisper that, the Sophomores had it in for the Freshmen girls. And the girls in the balcony smiled and their eyes shone in anticipation of fun. They got it. In the midst of a dreamy dance, when slender waists were encircled by slender arms, and fair heads and dark were close together, the graceful sight was suddenly marred. There was a sudden confusion, a kaleidoscope of colors, a babel of sounds, shrieks of laughter and protest. In the words of the boys, "rough-house" was rampant. Each Soph grabbed a Freshman and dragged her, as well as she was able, to her doom. And lucky was the Sophomore who seized some one smaller than herself, otherwise she found her match. The Sophomore girls arranged themselves in two lines, facing each other, and through this formidable array of vengeful spirits, the Freshmen ran the gauntlet of such a spanking as had not been administered since they played hooky from school (and that was very long before they learned to cut classes). In the hearts of each Soph was stored the memory of their ignominy of the year before, and they certainly took advantage of their only chance for revenge. They also had a chance to show their ability in storming fortifications (other than boys' hearts), for the Freshmen barricaded themselves in the balcony. On the little narrow stairs a hot warfare was waged. One more venturous girl tried the flank movement and displayed her agility by climbing up over the punching-bag platform. One or two Sophs succeeded in forcing their way into the enemies' ranks, but no permanent gain was thereby secured. At last a flag of truce was raised and the merry foes,

half-exhausted, dropped into careless attitudes of rest, and while their tongues wagged, fighting the battle over again, they refreshed themselves with pop-corn and cider. While resting a few fancy dances were given for the amusement of the crowd. The dances were both artistic and grotesque. One was imitative. The bear dance will never be forgotten. Then there was a still further display of grace and agility in the boxing match between a Soph and a Freshman. The Freshman was victor, and as the girls moved to go, the Freshmen, well satisfied with the evening, gave again their slogan:

Hear us roar, hear us roar
We're the class of 1904.

—E. S. P.

EPISODE II

Perhaps it was the absolute and utter folly of the class which led to the belief; perhaps the beer-steins which were aiding their deliberations were to blame. Be it as it may, the conclusion ultimately reached was that the Sophomores ought to shoulder the responsibilities of weaning the latest arrivals in the household. It was submitted to the public at large in this startling proposition:—"The Sophs tossed us last year; now we are Sophs; ergo, we shall blanket them." Reminiscent upper class-men chuckled and gave themselves hearty invitations to attend; pudgy Sophs giggled, winked and plotted; Freshmen, being only Fresmen and green, trembled and counterparted; and the Faculty nosed around and hunted the rat. So the days rolled on until the day of the men's reception at the Gym. Ah, that was a giddy, gay crowd gathered there that night; the youth and chivalry of the Varsity extending the glad hand of welcome and hearty fellowship to the young strangers within their gates. Hilarity held a high sway, and the hours passed in a maize of fun and joviality. Close to this scene of light and fun another crowd was gathered for another purpose. In the railway-cut the shadows lay deep and black; such depths as the moral lepers and the outcast of human society ever choose for wicked deeds. Here gathered a little band of the martyrs of 1903; taking now the first steps in the weaning

of '04. In marshal array pickets were posted, countersigns given, and the band settled down quietly to their cigarettes, and the weary task of waiting for the scouts to arrive with the blanket. It was such a nice blanket, new and stout, of such generous proportions, and grip-holds for half the class. Just the thing to send a husky Freshman gyrating up among the telegraph wires; and, being so nice, it had been sent for safekeeping far from the touch of light-fingered Freshies, but it is only five miles to Marshall, and the boys should have returned with it before 10 o'clock. Ten came, and from the Gym. the faint sounds of departure. Half past ten, and no blanket eleven and the boys returned—without the blanket.

The conversation from this time on was such as is seldom heard in polite society, and the things done for some time would not be at all interesting. Suffice it to say that about midnight a most disgusted lot of students emerged from the deep shadows and wended their weary ways across the campus.

We shall pass quickly over the subsequent events of that night of this noble band. We can merely mention that prominent members of the class of 1904 were aroused from their innocent slumbers between the hours of 12 and 2 a. m., with barely time enough to scantily clothe themselves, and button a Crockett's Trigonometry on a certain safe portion of their anatomy, were hurried forth to become the ammunition for a "spanking machine." Ask not for the harrowing details, it is enough to know that each Soph and upper class-man landed on that protesting Trig with a mighty downward slap, and a long, hissing cussword; extra good measure given on account of the blanket.

All this while, in an upper bedroom of a cottage on the hill, sweetly slept a young maiden, a beautiful, brown-eyed, modest girl. A crowd of Sophs, stopping under that window to talk it all over, aroused her from her slumbers. With a mischievous smile she listened to the uproar beneath her window, then, with a suppressed giggle, she reached over the edge of the bed and felt between the two mattresses, and to make sure pulled into view a corner of the Sophomore blanket.

—A. L. R.

PHRESHMAN KALANDER

In the beginning

The class took formal possession of the gallery in the chapel. In this "high chair" originated the thoughts for these Freshmen yarns.

Once upon a time

The Freshmen boys were soundly spanked by upper class-men. This enthusiasm had several important sequels, which we will note.

In the first place

A huge roast on the Sophs soon appeared, in the form of a yellow poster setting forth in plain terms the merits of the "aggregation of freaks of '03." It enjoys the distinction of being the only printed matter of its style exchanged between the classes.

Not long after

There was a friendly bout down by Woodbury, President Baker officiating. A few noses were skinned, shins bruised and ribs cracked, but it was all done in a friendly spirit of rivalry and no hard feelings resulted.

One morning

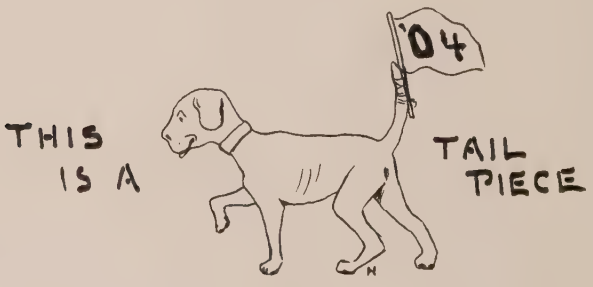
The Faculty waked up to find that "things were doin';" there were rumors of a Soph uprising and another Freshman massacre; rumors of a Freshmen conspiracy and counter-plots for cruel hazings; the Freshmen poster had aggravated the Sophs, and the Soph threats aroused the Freshies. That morning the Faculty met the Freshmen in secret session. We quote below fragments of the talks given there: "The jungle and the covy is small;" "hazing is old-fashioned; it is like a hat five seasons out from the city;" "we permit rivalry and sport, but brutishness never;" "the Faculty does not often put its foot down, but when it does remember it wears a No. 11 shoe;" "hazing must stop;" "you have forced them into a position where they are tied hand and foot;" "you Freshmen should take the initiative in this."

A few days later

Occurred the reception to ladies in the Gym. Particulars are elsewhere.

Lastly

The Junior classes gave a reception to the Freshmen, one evening, in the Gymnasium. The Sophs stole the lights, dismembered the piano, and they hung around the doors, but no actual outbreaks occurred.



CLASS ROLL

Snyder, R. E., President.

Ackerman, Alice A.
Aikin, V. L.
Allen, Hattie V.
Ansbach, P. N.
Baron, A. H. N.
Berkeley, Sylvia U.
Bliss, W. E.
Boigegrain, Ida M.
Border, Mary A.
Bouton, C. M.
Bowman, H. S.
Buell, Elizabeth.
Burr, Kathryn de Lodds.
Bush, Mary.
Butters, Ethel M.
Carr, Essie M.
Coan, R. A.
Conner, Josephine E.
Coluson, Nora J.
Coulter, Jeanne.
Davis, P. A.
Dodds, G. S.
Eastwood, Natalie.
Egan, Agnes M.
English, Mayme E.
Espinosa, J. C.
Eyche, Louise.
Fisher, L'Anna.
Fitz, D. J.
Fortune, Laura M.
Fowler, L. D.
Garbarino, Tolitha J.
Gardner, Della.
Gillpatrick, Anna L.
Gratz, Roza L.
Grove, C. L.
Harrington, Grace A.
Harrington, Katherine C.
Hatton, C. H.
Herron, Sara L.
Hill, C. A.
Hill, J. C.
Hocking, Ida J.
Jackson, T. H.
Jones, Alta M.
Kennedy, Lena P.
Kinsell, F. H.
Lawrence, Grace L.
Levy, G. W.
Lewis, N. H.
McClure, Ella M.
McClure, Stella.
McGovern, Mary R.
McKenzie, Neil B.
McMullen, Myrtle G.
Metzler, I. S.
Moore, Elsie.
Naugle, W. E.
Nelson, Leo P.
Nicholson, Charlotte M.
O'Connor, Agnes T.
Parlin, H. T.
Pennock, Lou E.
Powelson, Bertha E.
Putnam, Edith M.
Rank, Clara L.
Richardson, G. W.
Richey, Clara O.
Richey, A. L.
Rollins, R.
Rundle, Adda.
Smith, Gretchen L.
Stephens, Laura B.
Sturdevant, Winifred.
Teats, Helen.
Thomas, Myra L.
Turner, Lola A.
Turner, Pearl V.
Underwood, S. H.
Walker, Francis B.
Wanglin, Mary L.
Weightman, Era Olive.
Whitaker, Alfreda H.
Whitney, Wilberta.
Williams, Nellie.
Wilson, Margaret M.
Wise, Anna L.
Woods, Velma E.
Yonge, Minnie.
Young, Ina E.

SPECIAL STUDENTS

Annear, John Brothers.
Baldwin, Inez.
Bell, Thomas Sidney.
Blair, Mary Elizabeth.
Burggreen, Marian D.
Chipman, Marcia.
Emch, Hermann, B. Ped.
Foreman, Ida Margaret.
Gallie, Ethelyn.
Hardy, Joseph Franklin.
Hickenlooper, Anna.
Holmes, Horace Burbank.
Kemp, Jane Campbell.
Keyser, Mary E.
Knapp, Maude Lucinda.
Law, Flora L.
May, Morton Jay.
McGuire, George Rothwell.
Near, Harold Percy.
Pierce, Burkella.
Remington, Mary Ann.
Savage, Harry King.
Saggau, Bertha Marie.
Smith, Donald Carpenter.
Williams, Pearl Gertrude.
Wilson, Julia Anne.
Westlake, Fred Montgomery.

ENGINEERS
WESTLAKE

ENGINEERING SCHOOL

YELLS.

Bevel gears, devil gears,
W'ot'ell, Engineers.

Hike, there, waiter, 'steen big beers,
We're from the School of Engineers.

The Engineering School is one year older than it was at this time last year. No doubt the same may be said of many other things, but not in all cases does increasing age signify advancement. (We are essentially the people who do things, and consequently you don't see any grass growing under our feet or cobwebs in our hair. 'Tis said that love makes the world go round, but any time that divine personage gets tired of his job the Engineers will jump in and keep her humming.) Our department, however, is one of the children of Alma Mater, who has been rapidly growing in strength and influence. He has now reached the age of 8 years and is a sturdy youth with opinions of his own, and as the University watches fondly over him and marks his growth from day to day, she sees in him a son to be proud of.

This year has marked many changes in our Faculty, but Major Fulton as Dean still stands at our head. Although we much regret even the temporary absence of "Our Little Prof. Rowe," still we are somewhat consoled by knowing that Prof. Ford is very ably filling his place. We also welcome Dr. Emch as a strong edition to our Faculty, and claim him as being distinctly our own. We're strong expansionists and can be relied upon to gather up everything of advantage within our reach.

Some time in the future the Freshmen will probably find our Engineering department filling the entire eastern part of the campus. The noisy, ceaseless whirr of machinery will fill the air from the early morning till the setting of the evening sun. In the magnificent office of our great building, seated before a ponderous desk, you will find our old friend, the Major, as kind and considerate as ever and always ready to unroll the red tape necessary to make his visitor a regular student. However, we are content to take care of the present, and the future, wherein lies the fulfillment of our fondest dreams, will take care of itself. Overcome the obstacles of to-day, and, step by step, we will advance from the present "real" to the future "ideal."

—H. S. R.

ENGINEERS

FACULTY.

Source of our wisdom, bestower of flunks,
Who in class before us calmly sits;
He deals out knowledge in massive chunks,
But we're content to masticate small bits.

Major Fulton, M. S. (Dean).
Prof. Emch, Ph. D.
Prof. Ford, M. S.

SENIORS.

I am the great I am, and stand
For all that's wisdom in this school;
Others were born to hark to my command,
And bow beneath the wisdom of my rule.

P. L. Clarke, E.
K. L. Curtis, E.
B. Gorgenberger, E.
C. L. Jay, C.
G. L. Metcalf, E.
G. H. Richardson, C.
C. F. Stahl, E.

JUNIORS.

We rest content, we simply know
That we're the warmest people in the bunch,
And when you want to make things go,
Call on the Juniors for your "hunch."

O. P. Akers, C.
T. J. Doyle, C.
G. S. Gildersleeve, C.
J. B. Johnson, E.
M. Lee, C.
H. S. Rubidge, E.
H. R. Whitehead, C.
E. J. Carroll, E.
L. J. Gates, E.
C. F. Haywood, E.
J. N. Kerr.
F. C. Mors, E.
E. A. Taylor, C.

SOPHOMORES.

Now that I'm a Sophomore 'tis said
That my prerogative as such
Is to reduce the Freshman's swollen head
And show him that he's not so much.

H. W. Allen, E.
I. M. Cassel, E.
F. B. Fashbaugh, E.
M. E. Frankerberger, C
E. H. Jacobs, E.
C. A. McDonald, C.
O. S. More, E.
G. J. Boyle, E.
A. B. Rice, E.
E. B. Wilson, E.
M. W. Buell, C.
W. J. Cheley, E.
J. C. Fowler, C.
H. H. Himsworth, C.
E. E. LaRue, E.
G. H. Moore, E.
W. H. Neill, E.
J. F. Pughe, C.
G. F. Williard, E.
J. J. Wilson, E.

FRESHMEN.

Though last to arrive, I'm first now that I'm here,
I'll take all college honors with the best of grace,
I'll show upper classmen how things should be done
And kindly consent to fill the Prexy's place.

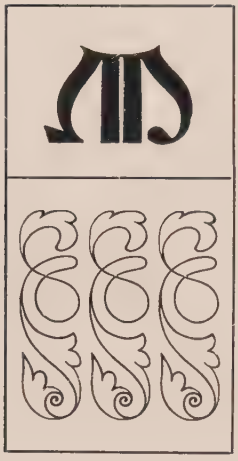
J. D. Abbott, C.
F. B. Carbis, E.
H. B. Dwight, E.
W. Holbrook, C.
L. Lindenkohl.
N. Read, E.
C. J. Strayer, E.
W. D. Vance, E.
B. J. P. Wigton, C.
C. P. Allen, C.
W. A. Carlson, E.
O. A. Fick, E.
D. R. Jenkins, E.
J. N. Miller, E.
G. Rienks, E.
A. J. Strong, C.
W. W. Vose, E.
A. V. Witkowski, C.
W. H. Bullock, E.
O. E. Clarke, E.
H. C. Ford, C.
F. H. Kroger, E.
W. A. Mitchell, E.
H. H. Sess, C.
G. B. Thatcher, C.
F. W. Welsh, C.
L. N. Young, E.

SPECIAL.

We are members of the choicest few,
To no class our allegiance do we swear;
We stand apart, nor do as others do,
For no such common rabble do we care.

G. B. Carr.
S. D. Coffin, E.
J. R. Hubbard.
C. L. Taylor, C.
S. Chilton, C.
J. E. Ginter, C.
C. A. Reynolds, C.
R. Rollins, E.
L. B. Tuckerman, C.

ENGINEERING BUILDING



MAJESTIC building, whose four walls
Conceal the mysteries of our great and wondrous science,
The scene of many trials and triumphs in our calling,
To thee I raise my voice in adulation.

Other struggles than those in science's cause
Hast thy grim walls gazed upon;
Struggles in which grim and doughty warriors
Fought and bled for honor of their class.

Mailed and armored knights who battled
Long and fiercely to decide the question,
Who should strike their standard to the chimney
And thus gain them honor and distinction.

You have been made like unto a castle,
Behind your walls, the foes their refuge took,
And then they answered with defiance
Our demands unto them for surrender.

Then we did most desperately assail thee,
A chosen few were sent against thy gates,
And some were fain to scale thy rounding ramparts,
To humble the proud foe within thy walls.

And then the men within would outward sally,
And hand to hand we carried on the conflict,
Till when the foe as sullenly retiring,
Left behind some renowned warriors captive.

Those stirring times, the battle-cries of old
Sound in mine ears and make me long for carnage;
Surely such times have not gone by forever,
Only to remain as hallowed in our memories.

—H. S. R.

ENGINEERS

We're from the School of Engineers,
With a battered old pipe and hat;
Though we holler and yell for "steen big beers,"
We're not quite so bad as that.

We rarely wear a tie or collar,
We work in such awful places,
Our lady friends would surely holler,
If they could see our faces.

We never look like a fashion plate;
We keep out of society's whirls;
Only rarely we cuss our fate,
Because we can't talk to the girls.

We're tough as iron and strong as steel,
And as peaceable as can be;
But we're a sort of a buzz saw deal
When we scrap for old U. of C.

Oh, a motor and a dynamo,
A few old belts and gears;
Turn on the juice and let her go,
Hurrah for the Engineers.

—H. S. R.

WHOSE THIS?

A funny little man
With long, bow legs,
And a little bunch of whiskers red;
A long overcoat, a pair of yellow leggins,
With a great big hat on his head.

He says Hawaii
For how-de-do;
At five o'clock he always hollers "Tally;"
He wears a pair of windows,
Has a daughter and a son,
And lives way down in the valley.

He's an awful nice chap,
If you want to borrow tools;
And you can easily find him if you look.
If you can't guess now,
You needn't try again,
For I haven't time to write on him a book.

SURVEYING

There's a jolly crowd on the campus spread,
Enjoying the bright spring sun;
There's a cap with an "E" on each tousled head,
Each man is chuck full of fun.

The gent with the instrument makes her "true,"
And the rest of the gents stand round,
The ambitious gang has nothing to do,
So most of them roll on the ground.

The cause of this life of undisturbed ease?
Want to know? Well, I'll give you a "hunch,"
For none of their antics, the Major, he sees,
He's busy just now with the other bunch.

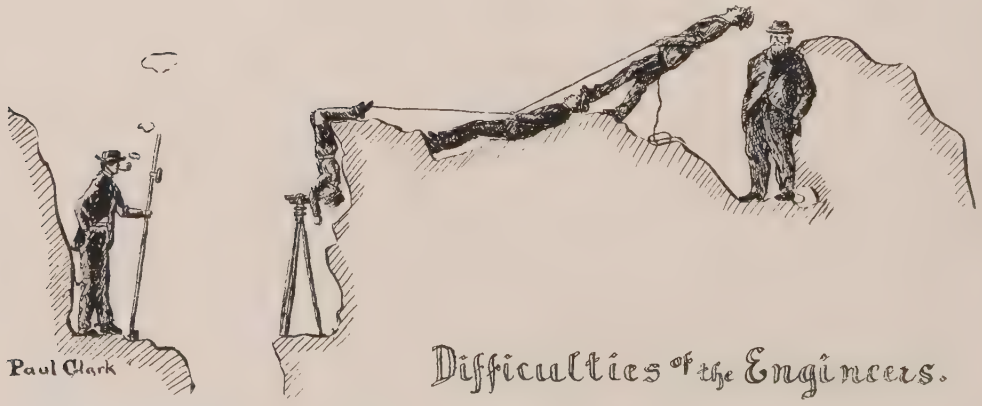
This gang is drivin' pegs in the ground,
While one is "linin' up the level;"
None of these gents are sittin' around,
For all are workin' like the d—l.

Oh, what's the use of measuring dirt,
When the other gents are stickin' pins;
No doubt some are tryin' to flirt
With the fair young maids,—woe to such sins.

But there goes the welcome noon hour bell,
Hooray, our work for the day is done;
We gather up our "plunder," and yell,
And start for the building on a run.

Oh, maybe to-morrow 'll change our luck,
And instead of being like to-day,
The other squad they may get stuck;
Oh, the Major, he'll soon stop their play.

—H. S. R.



Difficulties of the Engineers.

MR. MAC

Who owns the Engineering block
From main entrance to back?
You may think 'tis "Tally" Moore,
But we all know it's "Mac."

He leans against the big front door,
With face all shining black;
He's not a coon, please understand,
He's white, is our friend "Mac."

He always has a smiling face,
And greets us all the same;
For if all you fellows don't stand in,
Sure thing Mac's not to blame.

He keeps us warm in winter time,
And jollies us in summer;
If you're looking for a good straight gent
You'll find old "Mac" a hummer.

Who is this man, you all inquire,
McCarter, then's, his real name;
But call him "Mac" or whistle
And you'll find him just the same.

—P. H. A.

E—Engine, we've got one entire.
N—Nippers, for cutting up wire.
G—Gears, both bevel and devil.
I—Incline, which is not on the level.
N—N. P., which we hear most enough.
E—English, we hate the blame stuff.
E—Electricity, as hard as the deuce.
R—Ruler, we all know its use.
I—Induction, as a shocking machine.
N—Nails, you all must have seen.
G—Graduates, some day we may be.

S—Switch-board, a wonder to see.
C—Condition, the Senior's sad end.
H—Holidays, which we always attend.
O—Oil, which makes such a slop.
O—Oil can, there's a lot in the shop.
L—Lever, which makes all things stop.

—P. H. A.

LAWS VS. ENGINEERS

Fiercely the wind howled down across the gridiron and carried in its path great clouds of dust. Grim and clad for battle, the warriors line up on the gridiron and await the signal for the onslaught. The signal given, the warriors clash with silent oaths to do or die. Between the halves the great and mighty Dooley stalked through our ranks armed with sponge and water, and cleansed the mouths of the dust-clothed warriors. The battle raged fiercely on and the sun sank on a hard-fought field. "The strife is o'er, the battle done." Shall we say that victory did not perch upon our banners? Still with the knowledge that every man acquitted himself like an Engineer, we rest content and eagerly await the next call to arms.

ENGINEER LINE-UP.

Carlson, C.
Doyle, R. G.
Clark, L. G.
Carroll, R. T.
Coffin, L. T.
Rubidge, R. E. (captain).
Vance, L. E.
Buell, R. H.
McDonald, L. H.
Whitehead, Q. B.
Wilson, F. B.

"Dooley," Official Swinger of the Sponge.
"Coal Oil Johnnie," Chief Backer and Timekeeper.

FRESHMAN

FRESHMAN once so vicious,
Or shall we say pernicious,
Perhaps he got ambitious,
And thought 'twould be delicious,
The chimney for to paint.

And with a Freshman's gall,
He really thought that all
He had to do was crawl
Straight on up the wall,
The chimney for to paint.

Now, Freshman, don't you cry,
Because you found it high;
You must get wings and fly,
When next time you do try
The chimney for to paint.

—H. S. R.

DORMITORY

Dis bilting vas so goot as von can get,
To rest mitin his veary pones.
I don't been in here long just yet,
Bud you can your last tollar bet
Dat while dis bilting have two stones
Dat stand mit on demselfs, I'll shtay
Undt lif inside und don't go vay.

Dose poor fellows oud on de oudside dwell
I alvays feel some sorry for dose poys
He don'd injoy himself so vell,
Don't haf der fun, don't raise der—tell.
Ya, he don'd haf near der joys
Dat ve haf got mitin dese valls,
I tink I shtay here till dey falls.

Dese fellows here can sing unt schwer,
Und raise der very debble all der day.
Dey can raise cain, go on a tear
Clean oud der house, nobody care.
Now dis vas all vat I haf to say.
De object of this humble rhyme
Shall shielt us till der ent of time.

—H. S. R.

OH, WOULDN'T IT JAR YOU?

As the engineer sights through his level
Some curious sights he sees.
Sometimes it's only cows and sheep,
Sometimes it's only trees.

One quiet eve, though, a different scene
Was thrust upon my gaze,
As I looked out towards Marshall town,
Through smoke and dusty haze.

A little bunch of students came
A toiling through the gloom;
They looked like convicts upon their way
To meet the saddest doom.

The first a giant man was he,
He stood at least six-four;
His feet flopped up and down like boards,
Each three feet long or more.

Beside him walked a tender maid,
Fair as the sun, or fairer;
I did not recognize her then,
But 'twas the divine Sair-er.

Then came a typical Jonathan
With windows on his lamps;
He seemed to be most awful tired,
And seemed to have the cramps.

On either side a maiden walked.
The one a dark look had.
Though tired and dusty, I could see
She was the maid from T——dad.

The other was petite and slim,
Though dressed in wondrous clothes.
That she was sore and disgusted, too,
You could see by her upturned nose.

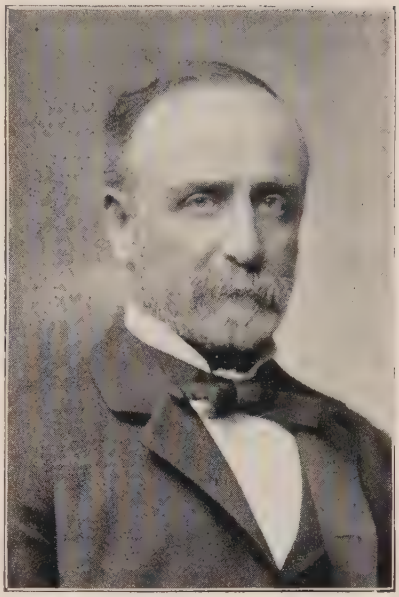
Oh, how did it happen? What's the joke?
I hear my readers exclaim.
Now listen, and you will be satisfied,
For now let me explain.

To speed the parting bride of V——,
They all got on the train;
Got off at Marshall, hadn't a cent,
And so walked home again.

LAW

SCHOOL

COLORADO SCHOOL OF LAW



The Colorado School of Law has been in existence but nine years, yet it has attained a reputation for thoroughness and efficiency of instruction and a standard of excellence surpassed by no other law school in the land. The course offered covers a period of three years, successful candidates receiving the degree of Bachelor of Laws. The method of instruction employed is a conservative mingling of the three systems—case, text-book and lecture. That this method is pre-eminently successful is demonstrated by the character and success of law school graduates. Graduates, with rare exceptions, early attain high standing, professionally, in the communities in which they practice, developing into well-rounded, careful and capable lawyers, in the full significance of the term.

The Colorado School of Law has a Faculty of exceptional power and ability. Among the lecturers and non-resident instructors are numbered some of the most eminent specialists and most brilliant lawyers of the Colorado Bar Association. Hon. Moses Hallett, Judge of the United States District Court, is Dean. The resident Faculty is composed of able and conscientious lawyers. Prof. William L. Murfree, Secretary of the Faculty, is the executive head of the Law Department. To his untiring and earnest labor and exceptional executive ability, more than to the efforts of any other, is due the high standard of the Law School.

The students find that there is no "royal road" to a mastery of the law. To secure a degree every course offered must be successfully passed, and in case of a "flunk" no supplemental examination is given. The rules as to attendance upon classes are severe and are rigidly enforced. Perforce, the students are a hard studying body.

Yet student life in the Law School is particularly pleasant. Notwithstanding the hard work, opportunities for many good times are found. Birthdays are celebrated appropriately and frequently. A "rough house" is always in order that the superabundance of energy accumulating from so much brain work may be given vent. Professor and Mrs. Murfree hold an informal reception the last Saturday evening of each month, at which the students meet socially. Every University interest—athletics, oratory, debate, etc.—receives the most enthusiastic support from this Department. A hearty good-fellowship and a true

fraternal spirit prevails always. Class spirit runs high, but this is always merged in a sincere love for the Law School and Law School traditions.

In brief, we have a Law School of which we are justly proud to be members. In years to come we shall ever cherish the memory of the pleasures of the life of work and play and good-fellowship at our Alma Mater.

LAW SCHOOL ANNUAL STAFF.

J. Vaughan Sickman, Editor.
Benjamin Franklin Bryan, Associate Editor.
Milton P. Ingraham, Artistic Editor.

THIRD-YEAR CLASS ROLL.

Roy H. Blackman, President.
Payson W. Spaulding, Vice President.
John Affolter, Secretary of State.
Louis E. Clark, Secretary of the Navy.
Reeve Chipman, Secretary of the Interior.
Frank I. Ewing, Chief Married Man.
"Parson" Haskins, Secretary of Irrigation.
Flora E. Silliman, Attorney General and Official Talker.
Ira C. Rothberger, Postmaster General.
Howard S. Robertson, Official Ice-Cutter.
J. Vaughan Sickman, Helps Robbie.
Phillip Zimmerman, Secretary of War.

Affolter, John.
Blackman, Roy Hanford.
Chipman, Reeve.
Clarke, Louis Edward.
Ewing, Frank Irwin.
Haskins, Earl Weldon, B. A.
Robertson, Howard Sebree.
Rothberger, Ira C.
Sickman, J. Vaughan, B. A.
Silliman, Flora E.
Spaulding, Payson Wilson.
Zimmerman, Phillip.

YELL.

L—L—B, L—L—B,
Blackstone, Blackstone, U. of C.

COLORS.

Claret, Amber and Foam.

SECOND-YEAR CLASS ROLL.

W. L. Turman.....President
Milton P. Ingraham.....Vice President
Harry T. O'Connor.....Secretary and Treasurer

Appel, Walter M., B. A.
Blake, Charles Langdon.
Bryan, Benjamin Franklin, B. S.
Cummings, John William.
Dyer, John Ernest.
Griffith, Benjamin Franklin.
Ingraham, Milton Powers.
McCoppin, Stanley Wilson.
Meyers, Harry Earl.
Nixon, John C.
Null, Louis Agassiz.
O'Connor, Harry T.
Peterson, Wilkins O.
Stow, Fred Webb.
Turman, Wilson L., B. A.
Williams, Ernest Leonidas.
Willis, Oliver Perry.

HOT AYER

Once on a time there happened to be
A man of great ability.
Of the U. of C. he was quite a factor,
But always wished to be an actor.

And so it happened that late last spring
He sought to clip Joe Jefferson's wing.
And in the Rivals he accepted the part
Of Sir Anthony Absolute, to cut quite a dart.

In the third act he was to do quite a stunt,
But the Laws were against him and sat right in front,
And while he was dancing so bright and so gay,
Those Laws handed him a brilliant bouquet.

It consisted of roses, the best in the town,
Of crushed tissue paper—red, blue and brown.
Now Doctor Ayer, fair, forty and fat,
Failed to discern anything funny in that.

The audience snickered, were on the lookout
To see what became of that beautiful sprout.
The Doctor stooped down to the tips of his shoes,
To pick up that bouquet of beautiful hues.

He threw it back from where it had come,
Turned to Prof. Taylor, with countenance glum,
Then spoke to him thusly, in words of great awe,
"You're not even fit for the study of law."

This, then, is the moral of my little verse,
The laws may be bad but they might have been worse.
So don't go against us, or some bright Spring day
We also shall hand you a brilliant bouquet.

FIRST-YEAR CLASS ROLL.

Walter C. Stickney.....President
Delos D. Potter.....Vice President

Bailey, Dewey Crossman, Jr.	McKinley, Alva.
Buell, James G.	Moore, Jared Wilder.
Cartledge, Crantz Guilford.	Mortimer, T. W., B. A., B. D.
Cook, William Alexander.	Naugle, Samuel Emmett, B. A.
Clark, Frederick Wilson.	Nolan, Frank A.
Fairbanks, Arthur Dan.	O'Hagan, Oswald H.
Fuller, Edward M.	Painter, Harry T.
Garwood, Omar E.	Potter, Delos D.
Hanna, Richard H.	Romans, A.b H., B. Ped.
Kendel, Arthur I.	Steckel, Iva, B. A.
May, Morton J.	Stickney, Walter C.
McCampbell, Homer E.	Terpenning, Victor A. S.

SPECIAL STUDENTS.

Davy, Francis F.	Laton, Jesse J.
Dudley, Lawrence H.	McCracken, Frederick E.
Hogan, William E.	Thomas, William B.
Jebb, Arthur B.	Van Brundt, Chester S.

THAT TWELVE O'CLOCK RECITATION

It was twelve o'clock on the .... day of ....., when Prof. Murfree, in his serious attitude, sat waiting for the class of scheming politicians to assemble and divulge to him the secrets of their noble profession.

"Well, gentlemen, the Faculty has at last decided that hereafter the classes will be known as the first, second and third year classes." Mr. Turman—"A la Prep. School, Professor?" "A la every technical school in the country, Mr. Turman."

The recitation then proceeded in its usual serene manner. Prof.—"What state in the Union produces the most valuable gems?" Mr. Haskins—"New Mexico." "New Mexico, sir, is not a state."

"Gentlemen, can anyone give me an exact definition of insanity?" Silence. "Mr. Cummings, were you ever in an insane asylum?" ———? ———? Prof.—"I was once, myself, in St. Louis—however, only to attend a ball given for the insane——." "Was there anything peculiar about the ball?" "Nothing was out of the strictest decorum, except at the close of the evening's pleasure a young lady of feature fair but mind impaired pressed a token of affection upon the rugged cheek of a law student." "Were you the student?" "Irrelevant." Class—"What action could have been brought for the offense?" Blake—"Lacerated feelings."

"Well, gentlemen, we have digressed a little, but not without profit perhaps. We will now proceed with the recitation."

Mr. Williams then began an extended discussion of domestic relations from Mr. Ewing's point of view. Prof.—"What are you talking

about, Mr. Williams?" Williams—"I don't know, but I am talking against time." "Well, your time is up."

"Mr. Nixon, please recite on the case of Doolittle vs. Donothing." Nick—"I don't know exactly what the court decided, but from a practical, commen-sense, logical and psychological standpoint, and from my great experience, I ——! ——!" Prof.—"We want the decision and not the common sense, Mr. Nixon."

"Mr. McCampbell, give the seventh maxim in equity." "He who does equity must do equity." "Well, you'll do."

Thus discussing the most abstract principles of the law and receiving words of inestimable wisdom from the learned professor, the recitation dragged its weary course along until dismissal.

"RES JUDICATA."

Prof. Reed—"Mr. Romans, what would you do in case a book agent should force his way past you into your house?" "Well, I think I'd pick a fight with him and kill him in self-defense."

Marriage, as defined by a First year student in the examination in Domestic Relations—"Marriage is a civil contract brought about by the state to fix the responsibility for the rearing, maintenance and education of infants."

Mr. Morrison (in mining law)—"Mr. Spaulding, how many motions has the earth?" "Two that I know of." "Well, tell us about some that you don't know of."

Mr. Morrison—"If you draw your location certificate this way, even a Missouri lawyer couldn't find fault with it." Murf.—"Ha! Ha!"

TO OUR "FEMMES"

Woman, lovely woman, since first you studied law
We men are seldom in it, we lack sufficient jaw.
We never talk for hours upon some ancient themes
That never cut a figure, nor never will, it seems.
We beg of you take pity, before we're reached by death,
And pause at least just once a week, so we can catch our breath.

THE LAWYER'S INVOCATION TO SPRING

Whereas, on certain boughs and sprays,
Now divers birds are heard to sing,
And sundry flowers their heads upraise,
We hail the coming on of Spring.

The songs of those said birds arouse
The memory of our youthful hours,
As green as those said boughs and sprays,
As fresh and sweet as those said flowers.

The birds themselves, oh, happy pairs,
Love amid th' aforesaid boughs enshrines
In freehold nests, themselves, their heirs,
Administrators and assigns.

O! busiest term of Cupid's court,
Here, tender plaintiffs' actions bring.
Season of frolic and of sport!
Hail! as aforesaid, coming Spring.

—H. P. H. Brownwell.

TWILIGHT SONG ON THE STEPS

When the sunset light is lying
Along the western sky,
When the golden day is dying
And the silver night is nigh,

We gather with heart-felt emotion
While softly the shadows fall
To sing a song of devotion
On the steps of the dear old Hall.

To thee, our dear Alma Mater,
Our hearts and voices we raise:
We'll never, never, forget thee
And our happy college days.

We dream in the purple twilight
Of the halcyon days that are past,
But our hearts are sad while thinking
That college days cannot last.

But wherever the years may find us,
No matter what shadows fall.
The ties will remain to bind us
To our love for the dear old Hall.

—"Van."

COLORADO
SCHOOL
OF
MEDICINE.

COLORADO SCHOOL OF MEDICINE

"Progress is the essence of civilization;
Without it no man flourishes;
With it a glorious end."

With this as its motto the Medical department of this University, starting as it did from a mere embriological state, has so developed that it now occupies a position pre-eminent among the Medical schools of the West. This result has been obtained only by honest, earnest and diligent work on the part of the Faculty and the student body, all working in unison.

Our Faculty need no introduction; they are men of judgment, good moral character, high standing, and men who are always looking to further the interests of the school and each individual member.

As each year passes by, changes occur as the result of past experience, invention and teaching; so it has been with this department of the University. To-day this school offers to its members the most improved appliances and means for carrying out modern research work. Our laboratories are well stocked. Indeed, we compared most favorably with the larger and richer schools of the East. During the past year numerous changes have been made in this department, so that now the Medical Building is devoted wholly to medical interests. Certain laboratories have been enlarged and new Professors have been added in order to meet the demands of the increasing student body. The entrance requirements have also been raised to a higher standard to comply with the American Medical School Association, of which this school is a member. Even with this our entering class was larger than in years before; surely, nothing could speak more highly of this department.

Our hospital has furnished rare and valuable clinics in surgery and also a much needed branch of study not given in other medical schools. This year the hospital will be crowned by graduating its first class of nurses, fitted and trained under careful teaching. Thus has the Medical department attained the position it occupies to-day, only on the grounds of true merit; and as we, members of this department, both past and present, pass out from its doors to our vocations, turn and look back with pride on this department, we may well say "It was the greatest of them all."

—E. P., '02.

FUTURUM ESSE

(Air: Oft in the Stilly Night.)

Oft in the coming time,
With other scenes before us,
Sweet thoughts shall bring the rhyme
Of college days gone o'er us.

Oh, U. of C.,
Fair 'Varsity,
All hail our Alma Mater;
Dear U. of C.,
Loved 'Varsity,
Resounds from every quarter.

Thus in the coming time,
With other scenes before us,
Sweet thoughts shall bring the rhyme
Of college days gone o'er us.

Untouched by passing years,
The thoughts of college pleasure,
Rekindle as one hears
The old familiar measure:

Oh, U. of C.,
Fair 'Varsity,
We can forget thee never;
Dear U. of C.,
Loved 'Varsity,
The Gold and Silver ever.

Thus in the coming time,
With other scenes before us,
Fond thoughts shall bring the rhyme
Of college days gone o'er us.

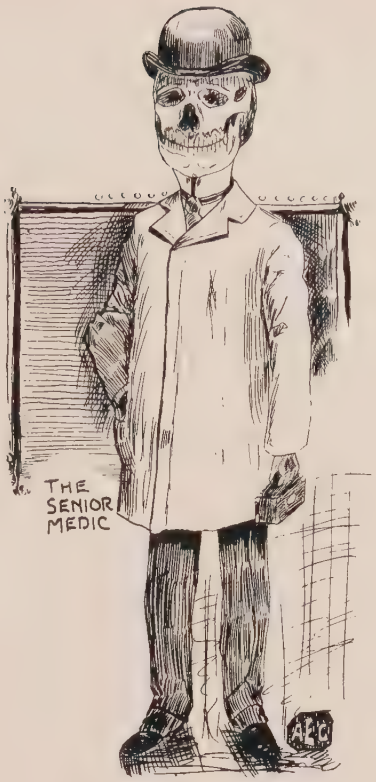
—Elia.

SENIOR CLASS ROLL

CLASS MOTTO.

"All truth is not to be told at all times."

John Boeck, President.
R. J. Gregersen, Vice-President.
W. L. Snair, Treasurer.
Edna L. Wardell, Secretary.
Boeck, John.
Dutton, Chesney Lawrence.
Gill, Arthur Ernest.
Gregersen, Ragnvald Jason.
Miles, Martin E.
Nicholl, William Boyd.
Snair, Walter L.
Wardell, Edna Louise.



THE CLASS OF 1901

A beautiful day was September seventh, ninety-seven. A day of bright sunshine, with a soft breeze, loaded with the odor of fragrant flowers. The great mountains above stood out in their majestic grandeur; the town below looked like an attractive park. How appropriate the name! "Beautiful Boulder."

Dr. Robertson sat in his office—a Freshman, too—with a smile on his face and a goodly amount of patience, greeting the new members as they came in to matriculate and to be guided through the formalities of registration.

Everything was smooth sailing, in fact, like a dream, until we found ourselves seated before Dean Giffin, who poured forth the mysterious, to us, unheard of things in anatomy. Dr. Gardner, whom we will ever hold in memory as one of the grandest of men, did his part toward keeping us busy. Dr. Palmer revealed to us the secrets of chemistry which made an already hard lot so difficult that we soon realized that life was a stern reality and that the lot of a Freshman was not an easy one. After a few lessons learned and recited we became acquainted, and one afternoon we decided to take a half day vacation, held a class meeting, elected a president and thus the Genesis of our career, with seventeen members in all. Three of these left us the next year, as they chose to be "Tooth Carpenters" rather than to bear the title of M. D. Now but five of the original class remain, but with the changes of time others have come to do honor to the U. of C., as well as to be honored, until now we are like seven brothers and a beloved sister, with many fancies in common and

one great object in view. It is certainly a pleasure to be a member of such a class, for discord is something unheard of and egotism perfectly foreign.

—C. L. Dutton.

First in his studies, first in the hearts of his classmates, yea, even first in the heart of our fair member, is dear old John. With his sturdy German character, that smiles at obstacles, his thorough training, genial disposition and business ability, he will make a success as a M. D.

Dr. John Boeck will be welcomed into many a home to minister unto suffering mankind. May your years be many and your sorrows few.

—R. J. G.

Neither last nor least, though somewhat small in stature, comes our "class historian," C. L. Dutton, better known to the boys and one special, dear little maid as "Dut." He is "O. K." even if he hails from Kansas, to which land he will soon return as a purveyor of pills. He is aggressive and will get there. His specialty is surgery and "micro-bees." To the latter he is a terror, appearing to them as one to be feared and avoided, yea, he even looks to them as the proverbial lion, seeking for whom he can devour.

—R. J. G.

Who is it you see out of class part of the forenoon, cannot stay through the afternoon recitations? Aye, it is one with marvelous powers to sketch the beauties of nature, with the skill to put the natural paint in the cheeks, in fact, to flatter the poser just a little, and sketch Arapahoe so natural that your fingers feel a sense of chill as you go to touch the snow-capped image; and yet with all this power and with the honor of being "class artist" as well as artist of the Medical School, Gill is to be an M. D.

—C. L. D.

No large hearted man ever enters a University and long remains a stranger. The open, frank, whole-souled fellows, who have learned the blessing of giving are the men whom students account it a pleasure to know; such men need no formal introduction. "Why, every one knows him", says the student. Such a man is R. J. Gregersen. His life amongst us has been one of giving of time, of services, of sympathy and encouragement. None will miss him more than the men on the various athletic teams; he bandaged their wounds, healed their bruises and their gratitude was Greg's only pay.

He goes from us in June to follow his chosen profession—fortunate the community that secures him as a physician.

—W. L. T.

Our "class poet" came from Missouri, don't you know; hence, "it has to be shown to him." He is a good student and we were glad to welcome him into our midst when he came to us as a Junior from St. Louis. He has made many friends in Boulder and captured one of the "three graces" in the junior class. He evidently feels that it is not good for man to live alone, yea, he verily believes it is policy to take unto himself a prospective M. D. So be it; may the name of Dr. Miles ever be spoken of in gratefulness by his patients.

—R. J. G.

Our "Nic" came to the U. of C. many years ago from the land where milk and honey flow and the flowers bloom even in the winter. Perhaps such environments helped to make him the jolly chap that he is. He is a favorite of the rich and poor—the girls think "Nic is just too lovely for anything." Surely, with such advantages, Dr. W. B. Nicholl will ever enjoy a lucrative practice on which he will enter with the best wishes of his many friends.

—R. J. G.

The plains deprived of one of her prides, a man with a twinkle in his eye, accustomed to broad-brimmed hat and shapps, has devoted four years of hard work to the study of medicine and will return to his former friends as Dr. Snair.

—C. L. D.

Blessed be co-education; the Senior class has been favored with the presence of a bright and sunny girl, who has won the admiration and respect of the class as well as of the Faculty. By her example as a student and her dignity as a lady she has exerted an influence which will live long after she is gone, not only in her own class but throughout the school. We are proud of our sister, grateful for what she has been to us as classmate and friend, and our earnest wishes for true happiness and success will ever follow Dr. Edna Louise Wardell.

—R. J. G.

In closing we wish to thank our Faculty for the kindness which they have ever shown us, for their devotion to professional ideals, and for the interest which they have taken in us. They have sacrificed valuable time and strength in our behalf, they have labored to inspire us with their own love for knowledge, and they have impressed upon us the sacred duties of a physician's life. May they as teachers not be disappointed in our work when we leave our college to carry out their instructions. May we ever seek to do honor to our professors and our dear Alma Mater.

—R. J. G.

W. B. Nickoll
Ten Years Hence.

CLASS OF 1902

OFFICERS.

John Carlson.....President
Miss Amy Bell.....Vice President
R. E. Morris.....Secretary and Treasurer

Amy Bell.	H. C. Turrell.
Tobias Espinosa.	Daisy Reckley.
P. L. West.	R. E. Morris.
O. A. Haruff	J. S. Patterson.
John Carlson.	E. W. Lazell.
W. H. Carver.	E. F. Pope.

"Man is the noblest work of God."

With a few changes, but with the same idea and meaning, this well known quotation may be well applied to the Junior Class. Surely no class can deny our right to change it to read as follows: "Class of '02 is the greatest of years." The Seniors dare not deny it, for they hold too dear our good will since the episode with us last Spring. The Sophomores have also been taught better by our guiding hands, while the Freshmen, as yet, are too young and tender. Although our number is not large, yet our power is mighty and is felt daily. We work as a single body, hence our strength, each helping a fellow brother (and our two sisters). Our strength is felt in the University at large; look at our social, religious, athletic and scholarship standing. These all speak volumes for us, and of the many battles fought and won by this class, a most wonderful record. Early in our school life, here, little did we think of the position we now occupy, yet if one will stop and look at the material of this class surely it was a natural result.

—P.

SOPHOMORE CLASS ROLL

M. A. Thomas.....President
G. Kellogg.....Vice President
Louis C. Fee.....Secretary and Treasurer

McCusky, C. T.
Fee, Louis C.
Garwood, Harold G.
Hutton, Vardry Amon.
Kellogg, G.
Keating, Richard E.
McCormick, Arthur Forest.
Patterson, J. C.
Shute, Fred Vauriper.
Thomas, Meade Austin.
Thompson, William Earl.
Williams, Arthur Frederic.

SOPHOMORE MEDICS.

We have been spoken of as "the class with the large noses." No one could have tendered us a greater compliment, for who can deny the fact that the long nose is a sure sign of success? To hear how well we have succeeded you need only to ask any member of our class and he will freely tell you how we came to be it.

We are greatly reduced in numbers, and why? Simply because some of those who entered with us were lacking that one essential factor, viz.: the prominent "beak." We call your attention to the Junior and Freshman. You will see that they have not that trademark of success. Were we to make a mental comparison of these classes against our own it would show a spirit of egotism on our part. Therefore we refrain. But we will say that it is fortunate for the members of the Junior and Freshman classes that they did not start with us, lest they might have shared the fate of those whose facial anatomy barred them from our ranks.

Little more can be said without praising our many virtues. This our modesty forbids.

—M. A. T.

THE DEAN'S RETROSPECT

Apollo, rejoice! the crisis,
The danger is passed;
Those ineffable Seniors
Have diplomas at last,
And my burdensome duties,
Which all keenly I felt,
Have scattered and fled,
And I am once more myself.

Those duties, from which
The most sturdy would shrink,
Though laboring all day
With the dying and sick.
Those Medics to rear,
To raise, to attend,
Has been a sad task
From beginning to end.

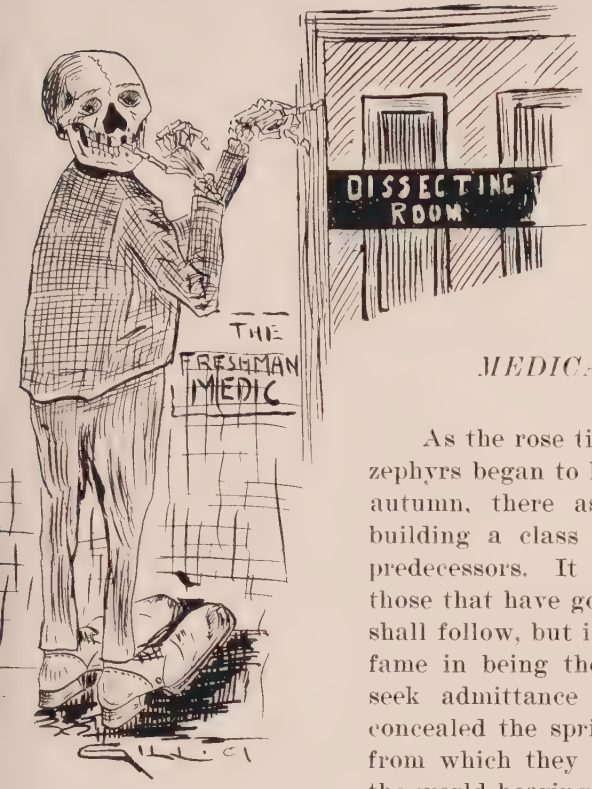
For the seats they have broken
Not a cent have I seen,
But with flunks they have paid me;
Pure fraud, that I deem.
But some have been honest,
Strong hearted and true;
Not a word of reproach
Can then be their due.

If one has made love
To a nurse, though in vain,
Why, man, that's all right—
For *I've* done the same.
But never, my friend,
If the maiden did frown
Had "law" turned her head
So that I was turned down.

Then the story of one
In terms of a half,
Is a true life together
While ages shall last.
But the Denver clinician
On plunder is bent,
And he breaks hearts by dozens
While his own ne'er is rent.

If one I have missed
From his duties as Junior
Not at mischief was he—
But to Norway's far shore
Love making was gone,
To plead and to sigh,
To whisper so soft—
"Christina come with me".

There's the fat man remaining,
One who Dodges his work:—
Then the artist so lean,
Skilled in one face alone,
While the poet rings praises
Of the Bell of the school—
But stop—Is "medicine" the tale I've told,
Or love, whose chimes are never old?



MEDICAL CLASS OF '04

As the rose tinted leaves and the awakening zephyrs began to herald the approach of another autumn, there assembled around the medical building a class distinguished from all of its predecessors. It may divide other honors with those that have gone before, and with those that shall follow, but it stands on its own pedestal of fame in being the last class of the century to seek admittance within those walls where are concealed the springs of knowledge by drinking from which they will be fitted to go forth into the world bearing with honor the title Doctor of Medicine.

Some of those who had previously gained entrance to these same halls of learning did not appreciate the dignity already possessed by these new seekers after knowledge, and thought to bestow the necessary meed of experience by a certain classical custom. Classical, because evidently bequeathed to them by the dusky children of the forest who compelled their captives to pass, as best they might, between two lines of howling savages armed with various instruments of torture. This pastime, as prepared and administered by these would-be custodians of the public health, is changed somewhat from its primeval model, and may serve as a proof of the truthfulness of Darwin's theory of the evolution of the race.

After convincing the Professors that they possessed the necessary amount of "gray matter"—and being properly started by their fellow-students, the twenty-four members of the class of '04 began in earnest the pleasurable occupation of rattling dry bones. The devotee at the shrine of Virgil or Homer may declaim with poetical eloquence the depth of meaning in the simple word "bone;" but little can its true significance be appreciated by him who has never tried to "bone" bones. There were, of course, some other recreations provided in the way of Chemistry, Histology, and the pursuit of those plants, animals, or what-not that are credited with being the cause of all the ills of mankind.

It is with deep regret that this page of history, short though it is, can not be closed without recording a break in the class circle. Death,

that grim enemy with whom they are preparing to wage fierce combat for the lives of their fellowmen, has already claimed one of their number as his victim.

The vista of the future still hangs too heavy with clouds of "quizzes" and "exams.", with the possible interspersion of "flunks" and "conditions," to attempt to predict the glories that await these earnest toilers. This task will be left to him who shall in coming years sing with sweeter melody of battles fought and victories won.

—G. Clifford Emery.

THE CLASS OF 1904

President.....Harvey Irwin
Vice President.....W. J. Bingham
Secretary.....Miss F. E. Ball

S. J. Lamme.
J. F. E. Weiland.
C. L. Newbert.
Otto Zillman.
L. B. Greene.
Thos. J. West.
Howard M. Snyder.
George W. States.
R. R. Wilson.
A. B. Tonkin.
A. C. McCain.
G. C. Emery.
A. H. Ripley.
Louise Allene Lane.
Carbon Gallaspie.
B. B. Beshoar.
J. M. Crausbay.
A. T. Blachley.
Harvey Irwin.
Frances E. Ball.
W. J. Bingham.

"The Hospital is situated on the bluff overlooking the R I V E R." See page 28, Catalog.

THE MEDIC'S DREAM

The student sat in his straight backed chair,
Dreaming a dream that can't compare
With any that had ever been dreamt before.

On his homeward road he was wending his way
From reciting his lessons in Anatomy,
When out of the ground a skeleton arose,
Who shook his fingers and jingled his toes,
And challenged his way in a threatening tone,
Till the student inquired, "And what have I done?"
"It's not what you have done, but what you will," see,
When you get your diploma as a regular M. D.

And while the student gazed at the spectre he saw
Where at first there was one, now stood ten in a row.
"We are the victims of those who their lessons would shun,
Who never would finish a task well begun;
So count all my members and locate them well,
That you will not fail to be able to tell
Just where to place the Ethmoid, the Sphenoid, and Palate as well.

Still, there are others of greater importance, you know—
The Carpus and Tarsus and bones of the toes;
The muscles and fascia you must not forget,
Whose insertion and origin you may easily trace
In the Fossae and Fissures that are seen in my face.

When the student awoke with a shudder of cold,
Remembering but faintly all the spectre had told,
Resolving in future, however, to "Plug"
Anatomy, Chemistry, and Histology as well,
For never again should his pathway be crossed
By the spirits of patients, or a skeleton's ghost.

—Otto E. Zillmann.

Freshman B.—"I would like to get an atomizer."

Clerk—"What kind do you wish?"

Freshman B.—"One that sprays the nose, frontal sinnses, ethmocid and mostoid cells."

(Sophies, did he get it?)

THE MEDIC ARTISTIC EDITOR.

Dr. West—"Mr. Carlson, will you please tell me what a macule is?"

Carlson—"He—he—he—it is a circumscribed small elevation."

Dr. W.—"Miss H., is that correct?"

Miss H.—"No; he is after a papule."

THE DOCTOR'S FIRST CALL

Alone he sat in his office new,
Musing in the glow of the candle bright,
His pipe, filled with ashes smoking,
Filled his soul with intense delight.

The wind outside was blowing cold,
Within it was bright and warm;
Around his fireside he had gathered,
Little caring for the raging storm.

The embers with their red glow
Would crackle and fly about,
As if in their emotion
His idle thoughts to rout.

As the smoke of his pipe
Curled from its bowl of gold,
His thoughts wandered back
To his fond school days of old.

As his pipe burned out and
He dropped to slumber and from care,
There came a knock at the door,
From a woman, beautiful and fair.

"Please, sir, the doctor to see,"
Gasped the lady, cold and forlorn,
"Come to our house at once, sir,
For I fear our pet has not long."

"Come in and warm yourself,"
The doctor gently replied;
Then, listening to the raging gale,
To turn his thoughts from going he tried.

At last he rang for his carriage;
His coat of fur he drew on,
Saying to his dear wife, left alone,
I will return ere long.

They sped along the heavy road,
The woman's heart filled with fear,
Lest before the home was reached,
Death would claim her pet so dear.

At last the home was reached;
The doctor entered, and there lie
Upon a couch, the woman's pet, a dog,
Ready, but not willing, to die.

The doctor, full of chagrin,
His gloves again drew on,
And turning, full of anger,
Again he faced the storm.

His humble home was soon reached,
And before the glow of the fire,
Vowed upon that night,
The nature of his patient to inquire.

Why did not Hutton of this Department let the young ladies see the paying of his bet to Fee?

(Ask him, ladies; he will tell you.)

Dr. R.—"Mr. P., is that a normal eye reflex?"

Mr. P.—"I do not see it."

Dr. R.—"Look again and determine."

(He is still looking—it was a glass eye.)

Freshman—"My wife is a great sufferer."

Prof.—"I am surprised. How long have you been married to her?"

Prof. W.—"Why was Adam's apple so named?"

Senior D.—"Because Adam was the first man to have one, I suppose.

Sophomore—"Won't you come over and see our new baby?"

Junior—"Yes, when your mother is better."

Sophomore—"But it's not catching."

Medical Department. Dr. Cattermole—"Miss Hopkins, you may tell me what causes the greatest death rate among small children."

Miss H.—"Why——broncho-pneumonia stands first, I believe, and ——I think——marasmus comes in as an easy second."

The Young Doctor.

Prof. R.—"Miss B., have you ever seen a case of Mile(s)itis?"

Miss B.—"Yes, sir; I have."

Prof. R.—"What form was it?"

Miss B.—"Compression Mile(s)itis."

The Medic Literary Editor.

Junior—"Professor, I see by Journals, it is stated that needles, etc., have been found in the appendix."

Prof.—"So they have stated."

Junior—"But did you not say the appendix was needless?"

IN MEMORIAM

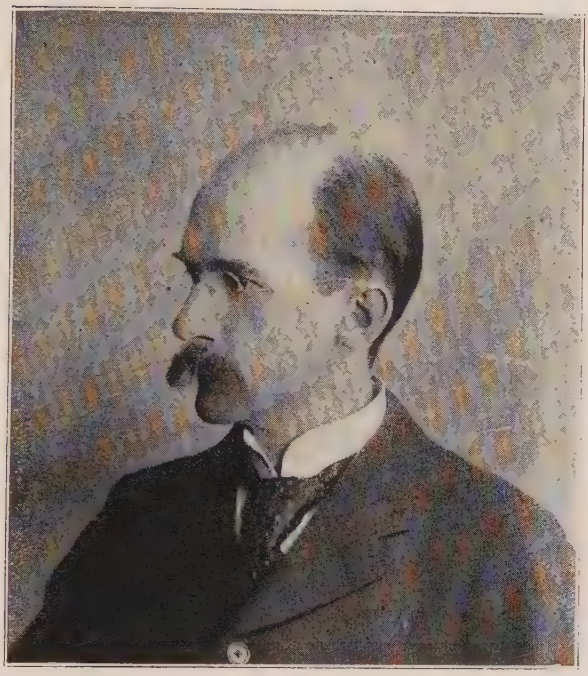
In the last edition of THE COLORADOAN the students of the University of Colorado did a double honor in dedicating that issue to Professor John Gardiner, an honor both to ourselves and to him. It was our great privilege during the last days of our instructor and friend, to assure him of our true and abiding regard. It is now our privilege to note, with most respectful mien, some of the impressions of his work and influence with us. It is several years since he was forced to relinquish the active duties of the teacher, and only the older students can recall the impressions of his class-room. In a few years, among the students, the name of Professor Gardiner will be only a tradition—may it ever be vivid and strong. He is the sixth of the Faculty called away by death in ten years—Professors Bell, Dennet, Lowrey, Belser, Thompson and Gardiner, all men of strength, wisdom, devotion and hope for our Alma Mater; and since his departure, Professor Kennedy has left us, the seventh.

This is no place for detailed biography or lengthy comment on our friend, Professor Gardiner; but it is our glad right to hoard with reverence, our heritage in his thought for us. With Professor Gardiner, the vain struggle with disease was merged in a vigor of acumen and a mellowness of heart that told the story of a noble soul. "Great and true-hearted John Gardiner"—so writes one of his former colleagues. He was great in his endowment of a many-sided talent, great in his scholarship and culture, but greatest in the function of a wise and sympathetic adviser. His rare but quickening chapel-talks represent his last personal touch with us. Some of us can still see him as he leans on the desk and impressively breathes out the high ideal of Matthew Arnold—quoting as though the thought was his own—

> "Children of Men! not that your age excel
> In pride of life the ages of your sires,
> But that ye think clear, feel deep, bear fruit well,
> The Friend of man desires."

As this great figure draws back in historical perspective, there is one special phase of the student, the man, the companion, which should give tone and color to his memory. He came to us at a critical time in the early history of our institution. He gave himself unstintedly, both to departmental work and to general activity; but with it all, we, as students, should know and should cherish this remembrance. In that elder day he was one of the few of our teachers who could be counted upon, always and instinctively, to feel for, to speak for, and to act for—the students—in their little matters of college life; little matters which count so big in student estimate and appreciation.

Students, let us take a thought; translate this into action, not effusive or spasmodic, but quiet, persistent, and true, like this modest man of mark. The best Professor Gardiner could wish for the permanence and benevolence of his influence with us, is that we all may serve, each his time and station, not with intermittent loyalty or fitful devotion, but with the same even, steady, manly generosity and consecration that characterized this—"Friend of man."



JOHN GARDINER.

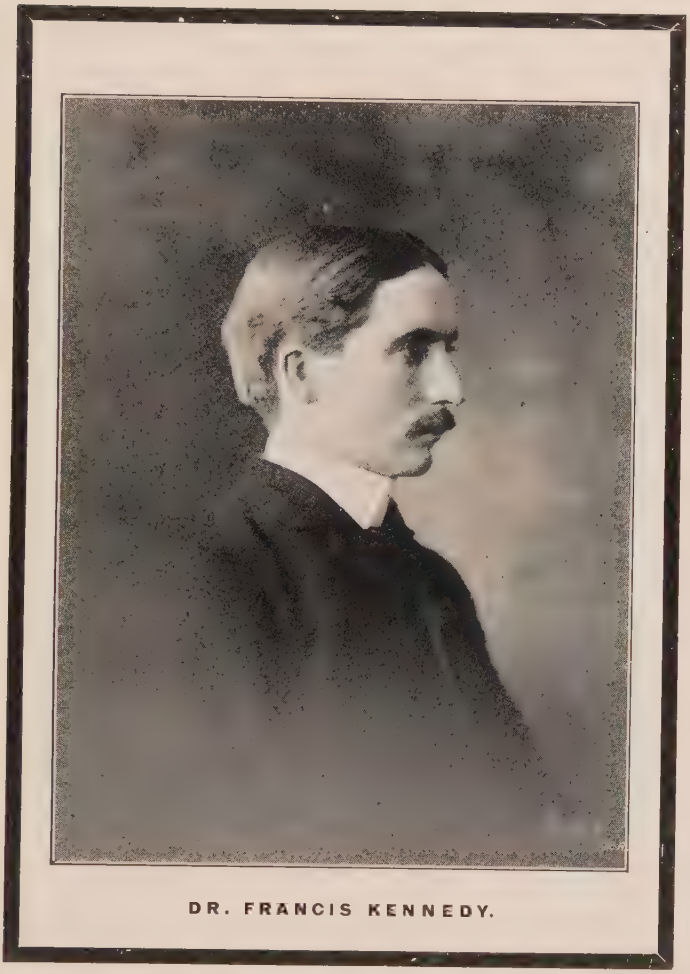
DR. FRANCIS KENNEDY

On the morning of the nineteenth of February the University was shocked to learn of the death of Professor Kennedy. It had been known for several weeks that he was ill, but his condition was not regarded as dangerous, even by those who, from experience in similar cases, were able to see what might be the dreaded outcome. The rapid development of acute tuberculosis during the last days was the immediate cause of his death. His life could not have been saved.

Francis Kennedy was the oldest son of Francis W. and Lena S. Kennedy. He was born in Philadelphia, September seventh, eighteen seventy-four. He was educated at the Ritten-House Academy, Philadelphia, and at Princeton University. On leaving Princeton he went to Germany and pursued his studies in philosophy at Heidelburg, Jena and Leipsic, where he obtained the degree of Doctor of Philosophy cum laude. Upon his return to this country in ninety-seven, he became assistant in Psychology under Professor Mark W. Baldwin. The next year, upon the recommendation of President Patton, Professor Baldwin and Professor Ormund, he received an appointment as assistant professor of philosophy at the University of Colorado. The following year he was appointed full professor, which position he held until his death.

The funeral services were held at the University chapel, conducted by the Rev. Mr. Sibbald, rector of St. John's Protestant Episcopal Church of Boulder, of which the deceased was a member and vestryman. Mr. Sibbald spoke with much feeling of Professor Kennedy's work in the church and President Baker paid an eloquent tribute to his work as a member of the faculty of the University, and as a man of the highest aims and ideals in life. From the chapel the body was borne to its final resting place in Boulder Cemetery, escorted by the student body. The pall bearers were Messrs. Allin, Ayer, Callahan, Duane, Keyser and Taylor. The flowers sent by the various student fraternities and by personal friends were rich and beautiful.

In the passing away of Professor Kennedy, the University of Colorado loses one who was looked upon as a growing man. He came here less than three years ago, as the youngest member of the faculty. At once he was recognized by a few as a rare acquisition, and as time went on and his hearers increased in number, his reputation became firmly established as a deep student, original thinker and brilliant lecturer. At the time of his death no professor could count upon a greater feeling of loyalty and devotion on the part of his students; for they knew that he was not only their teacher, but a friend, who had their interests ever at heart. In the death of Professor Kennedy the students have lost a sincere friend. Those intimate friends who knew the beauty and sweetness of his character, and were privileged to enjoy his friendship, have, in his untimely death, experienced a sad loss, the pain of which must ever abide. —C. C. A.



DR. FRANCIS KENNEDY.

DR. FRANCIS KENNEDY

IN MEMORIAM.

Up towards yon dazzling white Arapahoe,
Whose cloud-drifts lightly kiss the drifts of snow,
He ever looked, and looking, there would find
Strange beauties to which most of us are blind,
Because our souls are sluggish and afraid
To look out from the paths that men have made.
He was not so. His rare, sweet soul could see
In every face and flower and cloud and tree
New truth, new beauties, and toward these he pressed,
And never once he paused in his behest
Along the rugged path that leads to Truth.
In all the restless eagerness of youth
He went his way—men might misunderstand—
True to himself in heart, in brain, in hand.
With burning thoughts he sought to keep the fire
Alive upon Truth's altar and desire,
But quickend speedily each new-born flame.
Thus has he worked among us since he came;
Winning much love and always giving much.
New beauties ever wakened at his touch.
This was his life and this to us he gave
With all his generous soul, until the grave
Closed over him. And now along the height
Towards which he yearned, he walks in Truth's white light.

In Memoriam.

Roscoe E. Kennedy.

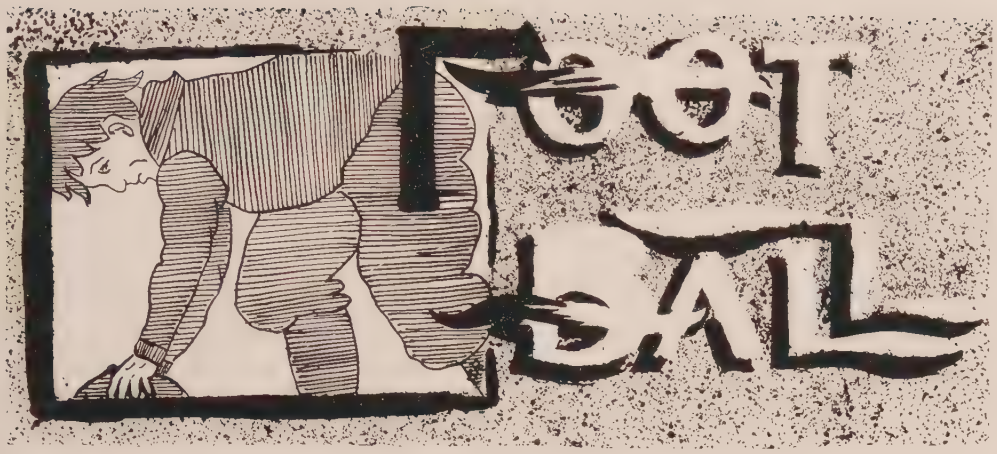
1874

Born February 15, 1881.

Died February 18, 1901.

Medic '04.

SPORTS
AND
R ROLLINS
ATHLETICS



A TRIBUTE IN THE ROUGH

"They've worked for us, they've fought for us, they've pulled and bucked and punted and blocked; they've tackled and interfered and drop kicked and scored; and they've held them on the five-yard line, by Jove, though battered almost out of shape; they've limped and hobbled and groaned with pain; they've been buried 'neath the pile, nearly a ton on top of them; they've fumbled and recovered and they've fumbled without recovering; they've crawled to gain inches and they've failed to make the distance; they've kicked goals and missed them; they've won games and they've lost; but they have always played clean, no matter if they were giving the medicine or taking it; they've quit every time with a cheer for Colorado, no matter which way it went, and they're out of the last game—the cheeriest, manliest, healthiest—not a mark on 'em more'n if they'd just been to a picnic—studious, modest, friendliest fellers—Why, if I only could—seems as if—my! but when I think what they've been through just for sport, just because they like it, and yet didn't like it well enough to do one mean thing—my! but them's the kind of fellers I like to see around breathing the purest atmosphere that circulates. They ain't stuck up, not a bit; it's just as if nothing had happened; but somehow I don't like to have it forgot so soon what they did, because—"O, do stop and tell us what 'tis you're going on about so?" "Why, Turman, of course, and Garwood, of course, Hatch, Jebb, Fowler, McCain, Affolter, Whitehead, Doyle, Geo. Carlson, John Carlson, Patterson, O'Connor, Carroll, Tonkin, Garwood, Thayer, Howard, Carlson, Romans and Rubidge. That's who."

—"Van."

LINE-UP OF FOUR GAMES

U. OF C.	0—11	D. W. C.
J. Carlson	R. E.	Ish
G. Carlson	R. T.	Robinson
H. Garwood	R. G.	Suess
W. Carlson	C.	Kenney (Capt.)
Turman (Capt.)	L. G.	Ziligan
Tonkin, Fowler	L. T.	Brandenburg
Hatch	L. E.	Russell
Whitehead, O. Garwood	Q.	Dibble
Mortimer	R. H.	Powers
Thayer	L. H.	Walker
Jebb	F.	Foote

U. OF C.	0—11	S. S. M.
O'Connor, Hatch	L. E.	Crow
Tonkin, Romans	L. T.	Miliken
Turman (Capt.)	L. G.	Trumbull, Herman
W. Carlson, Fowler	C.	Izett
Fowler, Carroll	R. G.	Duval
O. E. Garwood	R. T.	Coffin
J. Carlson, Rubdige	R. E.	Atwater
Wolcott	R. H.	Becker
Thayer, O'Connor	L. H.	Franback, Erick
McCain	F.	Aicher
Whitehead	Q.	Boley, Lehmer

U. OF C.	0—21	C. C.
O'Connor	L. E.	Houk
Tonkin, McCain	L. T.	Roberts
Turman (Capt.)	L. G.	Frost
Doyle	C.	Wheeler
Fowler	R. G.	Rice
O. Garwood	R. T.	Lamson
J. Carlson	R. E.	More
Whitehead	Q.	Packard
Thayer	L. H.	Hoyne
Patterson	R. H.	Johnson
Jebb, Howard	F.	Griffith

U. OF C.	0—24	D. A. C.
O'Connor	L. E.	Rothwell (Capt.)
Mortimer	L. T.	Gallagher
Turman (Capt.)	L. G.	Kirkoff
Tonkin	C.	Smith
O. E. Garwood	R. G.	Randall, Lewis
Robinson	R. T.	Urlau
J Carlson	R. E.	MacLewis
Whitehead	Q.	Browning
Thayer	L. H.	McAndrews, Lemmon
Patterson	R. H.	Van Stone
Howard	F.	Cavanaugh

SECOND ELEVEN

Painter	C.	Grove	F. B.
Metcalf	L. G.	Buell	L. H.
Williard	R. G.	McDonald	L. E.
Clark	L. T.	Wilson	R. E.
Welch	R. T.	McCandless (C.)	Q.
		Thatcher, Moore	R. H.

SUBS.

Emigh. Adams. Coan.

Rothgerber ..... Manager Dutton ..... Medical Adviser
Noland ..... Trainer

THE SCRUBS

Goin' one day to the foot ball field, intendin' to loaf for awhile,
I see some fellers knocking around got up *after* 'Varsity style,
A long ways *after*, I'll tell you what, for their clothes was ragged an' torn.
Yet they chases about in a cheerful way, and they didn't act forlorn;
And I said to the crabber sittin' next, "Whose orphans is them I see?"
He moves his pipe, and with cusses and threats, he says like this to me:
"Go back to your country home, you Rube, them kids ain't what they seem;
Them fellers is scrubs, the 'Varsity scrubs—the fellers what *makes* the team;
Their work begins when the 'Varsities does an' ends the day before,
An' all they gets is cusses and laughs, gets kicked and knocked and sore;
Yet out they comes for the fun o' the thing, regular, day after day.
They works and bucks and gets knocked out, and never has nothin' to say;
For the fun o' the thing and the love o' the school, they sweats the season through,
An' they shows their love without any talk, as you and I don't do.
They ain't knee high to them 'Varsity men; so I say they ain't what they seem.
They're peaches—them scrubs—the 'Varsity scrubs—the fellers what *makes* the Team.

If the 'Varsity loses a right big game, the whole gang roasts these boys.
But if they wins, they forgets the scrubs, who helped them to make their noise;
They never gets no pictures took, on them no co-eds smile,
But I guess that cuts no ice, them things is scarce worth while
To men what's makin' 'Varsity teams; their heads is full to-day;
By Jove, they're only rags and grit; they ain't just what they seem;
God bless the scrubs—the 'Varsity scrubs—the fellers what *make* the team."

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

BOARD OF CONTROL.

Major Fulton, Chairman.

Dr. Arthur Allin. Harry P. Gamble.

*Dr. Francis Kennedy. Charles A. Lory.

ATHLETIC COUNCIL.

Major Fulton, Chairman.

Dr. Arthur Allin. Dr. Francis Kennedy.

Harry P. Gamble.....Graduate Manager and Treasurer

C. A. Lory.....President of Athletic Association

J. Ernest Dyer.....Vice President of the Association

H. S. Thayer.....Financial Secretary

O. S. Fowler.....Recording Secretary

Ira Rothgerber.....Manager of Base Ball and Foot Ball

H. N. Snyder.....Property Man and Assistant Manager

J. S. Patterson.....Captain of Foot Ball

H. T. Painter.....Captain of Base Ball

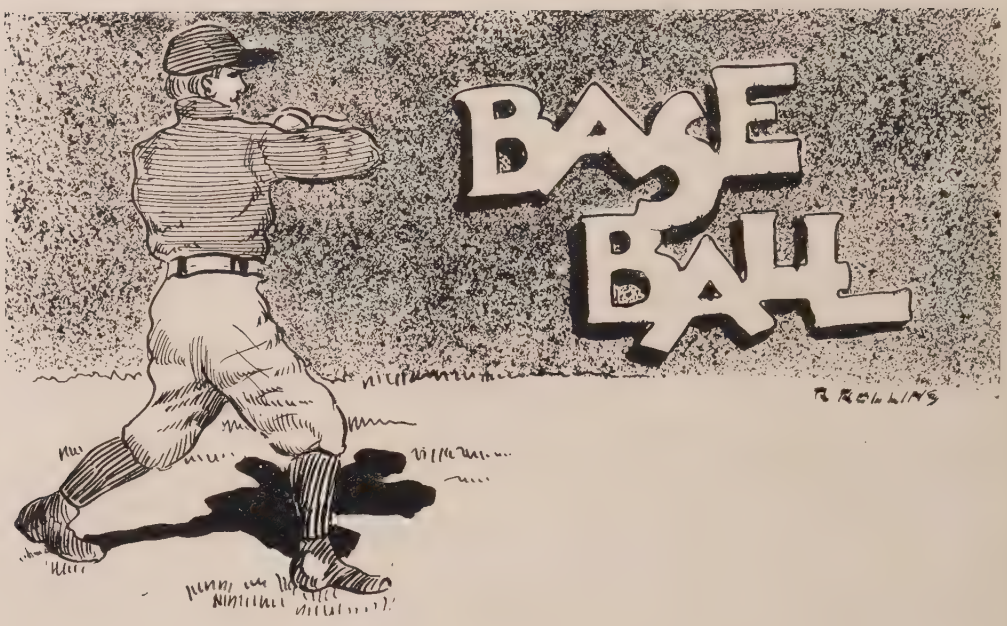
H. T. O'Connor.....Captain of Track Team

Lemuel Parton.....Captain of Basket Ball

H. S. Rubdige.....Manager of Track Team

H. G. Garwood.....Manager of Basket Ball

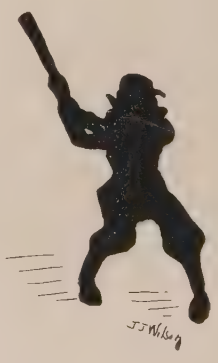
*Deceased.



G. M. Rounds.....Coach
Harry Painter.....Captain
Ira Rothgerber.....Manager
Howard Snyder.....Assistant Manager

CANDIDATES.

H. T. Painter.	A. H. Law.
H. Whitehead.	Fred Westlake.
C. A. Reynolds.	F. H. Hopkins.
J. S. Patterson.	F. H. Wolcott.
R. H. Blackman.	C. L. Taylor.
C. A. McDonald.	E. A. Taylor.
—— Vance.	Geo. O'Boyle.
G. H. Moore.	H. S. Rubidge.
J. Moore.	Geo. Kellogg.
F. Nolan.	Fred Shute.

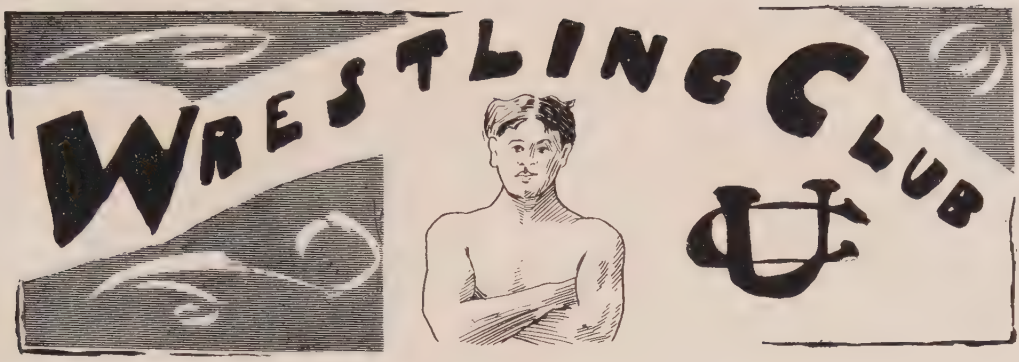


In the history of athletics in the University of Colorado track team work has not been a factor. On several occasions there has been a slight arousal of spirit and some men have gotten out and competed, but until the present year the movement has not been general.

The thanks for the present movement is due to the Athletic Board and to the student body. The latter has contributed money and labor for the construction of the track. The spirit which they have shown is worthy of the U. of C. The track which has been constructed is a one-fourth mile ellipse. The body of the track is clay and is surfaced with sand and cinders. T. W. Mortimer, who had charge of the Foot Ball team last season, and who holds the Middle West Inter-Collegiate championship in the hammer throw, with a record of one hundred and forty-three feet, has been chosen coach. Mr. Mortimer has had considerable experience in this line and it is expected that he will put a winning team in the field.

The following candidates have reported for the short distance races: Messrs. Mitchell, Willis, Coan, Whitehead, Allen and O'Connor. Mr. Mitchell has a record of 10 2-5 seconds. Mr. Willis, former captain of the Lake Forest Track Team, has done one hundred yards in 10 3-5 seconds. In the long distance races, Mr. Dudley of Lake Forest has a record of 2 minutes and 5 seconds for one-half mile. Williams, More and Pughe are also candidates of great endurance. Rubidge, Garwood and Doyle are the shot putters. Patterson, Potter, Romans and Doyle will compete in the hammer throw. Ingraham and Sess have reported for the pole vault; each has a record of nine feet, ten inches. There are other promising candidates of ability who will probably develop into championship form. Arrangements have been made for dual meets with Fort Collins and Golden. And the Inter-Collegiate Meet will take place here on the first of June, when all the colleges of the state will be represented. This new feature of athletics receives the warm support of the student body and we believe that it will become a permanent factor in the life of the school.

—H. O'Connor.



WRESTLING AND BOXING CLUBS

T. W. Mortimer.....Director

Romans.
Potter.
Carlson.
Bleecker.
Pendell.
W. Carlson.
Ripley.
Hay.
Cheley.
Bell.

H. G. Garwood.....Business Manager
Fritz Mors.....Coach
L. F. Parton (Captain).....Forward
J. Q. Dier.....Forward
J. F. Pughe.....Center
H. H. Sess.....Guard
R. K. Allen.....Guard
G. S. Gildersleeve.....Substitute
A. H. Law.....Substitute

SCORES

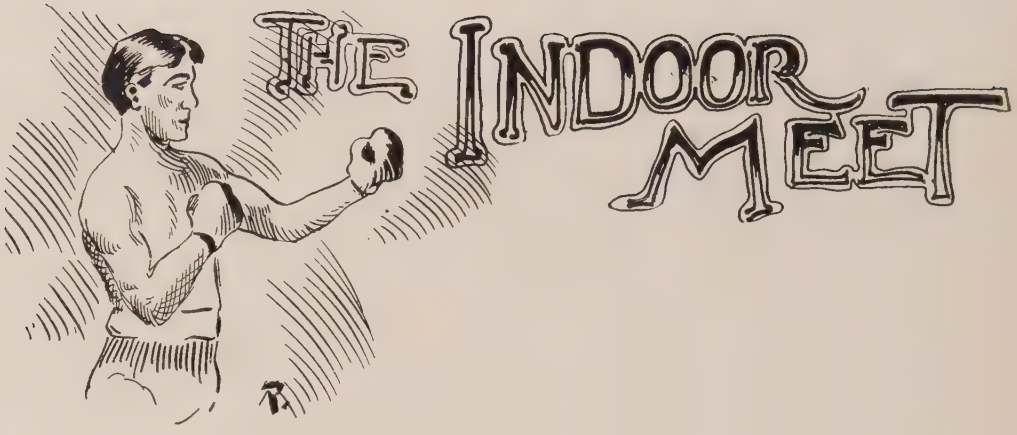
U. of C.—D. W. C.	27	11
U. of C.—E. D. T. V.	49	13
U. of C.—S. P. S.	9	10
U. of C.—S. P. S.	34	10

Mary Elwell.....Business Manager
Nettie Schwer.....Assistant Business Manager
Russell K. Allen.....Coach
Mae Carroll.....Forward
Grace Lawrence.....Forward
Lou Pinger.....Center
Nettie Schwer.....Guard
May Brines.....Guard
Julia Bunyan.....Substitute
Anna Melville.....Substitute

Emma Sperry.
Mamie Wood.
Gertrude Upton.
Elizabeth Buell.

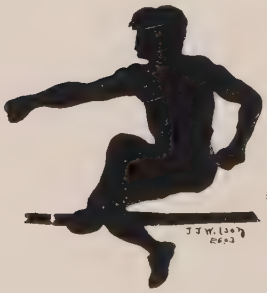
GIRLS' FENCING CLUB

Marion T. Withrow.
Lulu M. Pinger.
Ethlyn Gallie.
Mabel Ashley.
Miss Hanna.
Pearl G. Williams.
Edith E. DeLong.
Ina E. Young.
Kathryn de L. Burr.
Laura E. Fortune.
Grace Lawrence.
Helen Teats.
June Willits.

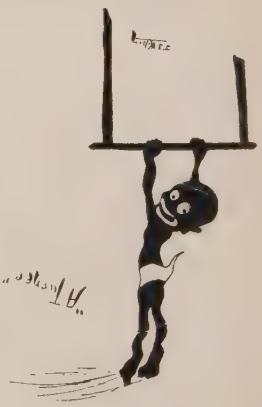


LIST OF EVENTS

1. Pole Climb.....Law and Mors*
3. Fence Vault.....Law and Allen*
3. Exhibition on Horizontal Bar.....Sess and Allen
4. Boxing.....Compton and Madera
5. Exhibition Wrestling.....T. Bell and Pendell
6. Lightweight Wrestling.....Cheley and Bleecker
7. Middleweight Wrestling.....*Potter and Carlson
8. Heavyweight Wrestling.....Carlson and Romans*
9. Tumbling.....Sess, Gildersleeve, Clark and Dwight
10. Standing High Jump.....Dier, Allen* and Ripley
11. Running High Jump.....W. Bell and Allen*
12. Sack Race.....Rubidge, McDonald, Argall, McCandless
13. Potato Race.....McCandless, Whitehead, Rubidge, Patterson
14. Three Legged Race....Patterson, Rubidge, McCandless, Whitehead
15. Wheelbarow Race.....Whitehead, Rubidge, Patterson, McCandless
16. Presentation of Monograms.. .....C. A. Lory
17. Illuminated Club Swinging.. .....Fritz Mors
18. Dancing ....“Blossom” and “Spike”



*Winners of Events.



Professor Taylor.....President
Frank Ewing.....Secretary

MEMBERS:

Miss Hortense Whiteley.
C. Densmore Curtis.
K. L. Curtis.
Charlie Reynolds.
Miss W. Sturtevant.
Mrs. Frank Ewing.
Dr. Duane.
Dr. Norlin.
Dr. Hellems.
Dr. Callahan.
Dr. Baker.
Prof. Murfree.
Prof. Ford.

FRATERNITIES

DELTA TAU DELTA

CHAPTER BETA KAPPA.

Charter Granted 1883.

COLORS.

Gold, White and Royal Purple.

FLOWER.

Pansy.

YELL.

Rah, Rah, Delta,
Delta Tau Delta,
Rah, Rah, Delta Tau,
Delta Tau Delta.

FRATRES.

Louis Edward Clarke.
Ralph Alonzo Coan.
Philip Alliene Davis.
Horace Colburn Dodge.
Frank Irwin Ewing.
Willard Packard Hatch.
Charles Alfred Lory.
Harold Page Martin.
John C. Nixon.
Hanson Tufts Parlin.
Andrew Joseph Reynolds.
Norman Read.
Paul Leroy West.
Ray Judson West.
Ben J. P. Wigton.

FRATER IN FACULTATE.

Ira M. DeLong.

FRATRES IN URBE.

Henry O. Andrew.
Henry Fulton, Jr.
Henry P. Gamble.
Elton E. Hankins.
William B. Hough.
Edwin J. Ingram.
Edward C. Mason.
George A. McClure.
William B. Ogden.
Frank R. Park.
Lambert Sternberg.
Lu Clinton Tyler.
Richard H. Whiteley.

Darton Parker,
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DELTA TAU DELTA

CHAPTER ROLL

SOUTHERN DIVISION.

ΛΑ—Vanderbilt University.
ΗΗ—University of Mississippi.
ΦΦ—Washington and Lee University.
ΒΕ—Emory College.
ΒΘ—University of the South.
ΒΙ—University of Virginia.
ΒΞ—Tulane University.

WESTERN DIVISION.

Ο—University of Iowa.
ΒΓ—University of Wisconsin.
ΒΗ—University of Minnesota.
ΒΚ—University of Colorado.
ΒΙΙ—Northwestern University.
ΒΡ—Leland Stanford Jr. University.
ΒΤ—University of Nebraska.
ΒΥ—University of Illinois.
ΒΩ—University of California.
ΓΑ—University of Chicago.

NORTHERN DIVISION.

Β—Ohio University.
Δ—University of Michigan.
Ε—Albion College.
Ζ—Adelbert College.
Κ—Hillsdale College.
Μ—Ohio Wesleyan University.
Χ—Kenyon College.
ΒΑ—Indiana University.
ΒΒ—De Pauw University.
ΒΖ—Butler College, University of Indianapolis.
ΒΦ—Ohio State University.
ΒΨ—Wabash College.
ΓΔ—University of West Virginia.

EASTERN DIVISION.

Α—Allegheny College.
Γ—Washington and Jefferson College.
Ρ—Stevens Institute of Technology.
Υ—Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute.
Π—University of Pennsylvania.
ΒΛ—Lehigh University.
ΒΜ—Tufts College.
ΒΝ—Massachusetts Institute of Technology.
ΒΟ—Cornell University.
ΒΧ—Brown University.

SIGMA ALPHA EPSILON

CHI CHAPTER.

COLORS.

Royal Purple and Old Gold.

FLOWER.

Violet.

YELL.

"Ru-rah-ru-rah-ru-rah-ree
Ru-rah-ru-rah S. A. E."

FRATRES.

Earl Wheldon Haskins.
Harold Gould Garwood.
Jonathan Vaughn Sickman.
George Richard Hay.
William Wesley Hall.
Howard Sebree Robertson.
George Snyder Gildersleeve.
Harry Stanley Thayer.
Omar Elvin Garwood.
Edward William Lazell.
William John Cheley.
Meade Austin Thomas.
Dewey Crossman Bailey.
Herbert Bancroft Dwight.
George Bayard Thatcher.
Charles Partridge Allen.
Warren Floyd Bleecker.

ΣΑΕ

CHAPTER ADDRESSES.

PROVINCE ALPHA.

Boston University (Mass. Beta-Upsilon).
Massachusetts Institute of Technology (Mass. Iota-Tau).
Harvard University (Mass. Gamma).
Worcester Polytechnic Institute (Mass. Delta).
Trinity College (Conn. Alpha).
Univ. of Maine.

PROVINCE BETA.

Cornell University (N. Y. Alpha).
Columbia University (N. Y. Mu).
St. Stephen's College (N. Y. Sigma-Phi).
Allegheny College (Pa. Omega).
Dickinson College (Pa. Sigma-Phi).
Pennsylvania State College (Pa. Alpha-Zeta).
Bucknell University (Pa. Zeta).
Gettysburg College (Pa. Delta).
Univ. of Pennsylvania.

PROVINCE GAMMA.

University of Virginia (Va. Omicron).
Washington and Lee University (Va. Sigma).
University of North Carolina (N. C. Xi).
Davidson College (N. C. Theta).
Wofford College (S. C. Gamma).
University of Georgia (Ga. Beta).
Mercer University (Ga. Psi).
Emory College (Ga. Epsilon).
Georgia School of Technology (Ga. Phi).

PROVINCE DELTA.

University of Michigan (Mich. Iota-Beta).
Adrian College (Mich. Alpha).
Mt. Union College (Ohio Sigma).
Ohio Wesleyan University (Ohio Delta).
University of Cincinnati (Ohio Epsilon).
Ohio State University (Ohio Theta).
Franklin College (Ind. Alpha).
Purdue University (Ind. Beta).
Northwestern University (Ill. Psi-Omega).
University of Illinois (Ill. Beta).

PROVINCE EPSILON.

Central University (Ky. Kappa).
Bethel College (Ky. Iota).
Kentucky State College (Ky. Epsilon).
Southwestern Presbyterian University (Tenn. Zeta).
Cumberland University (Tenn. Lambda).
Vanderbilt University (Tenn. Nu).
University of Tennessee (Tenn. Kappa).
University of the South (Tenn. Omega).
Southwestern Baptist University (Tenn. Eta).
University of Alabama (Ala. Mu).
Southern University (Ala. Iota).
Alabama A. and M. College (Ala. Alpha-Mu).

PROVINCE ZETA.

University of Missouri (Mo. Alpha).
Washington University (Mo. Beta).
University of Nebraska (Neb. Lambda-Pi).
University of Arkansas (Ark. Alpha-Upsilon).

PROVINCE ETA.

University of Colorado (Col. Chi).
Denver University (Col. Zeta).
Leland Stanford, Jr., University (Cal. Alpha).
University of California (Cal. Beta).

PROVINCE THETA.

Louisiana State University (La. Epsilon).
Tulane University (La. Tau-Upsilon).
University of Mississippi (Miss. Gamma).
University of Texas (Texas Rho).

BETA THETA PI

Founded in 1839.

BETA TAU CHAPTER.

Charter Granted Aug. 30, 1900.

YELL.

Phi Kai Phi
Beta Theta Pi
W—O—O—G—L—I—N.
Wooglin, Wooglin.

COLORS.

Pink and Light Blue.

FLOWER.

Beauty Rose.

FRATRES ALUMNI.

Chester E. Smedley. Frederick P. Austin.
William C. Bunyan.

FRATRES IN UNIVERSITAS.

Wilson L. Turman.	Edward M. Fuller.
Frank H. Wolcott.	Samuel Chilton.
Wellington Howard.	Herbert H. Sess.
Arthur C. Jarvis.	Charles A. Reynolds.
John N. Kerr.	Hines H. Himsworth.
J. Charles Hubbard.	Niel B. McKenzie.
Llewellyn A. Williams.	Arthur B. Jebb.
Stanley K. Hornbeck.	J. Carl Hill.
Ethelbert Adams.	Albert B. Tonkin.
Fred L. White.	John Fitzgerald.
Lawrence H. Dudley.	James D. Abbott (pledge).

Chard Sanford (pledge).

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BETA THETA PI—CHAPTER ROLL

DISTRICT I.

Harvard (H), Amherst (B I),
Brown (K), Dartmouth
Boston (Y), Wesleyan (M E),
Maine (B H), Yale
Bowdoin

DISTRICT II.

Rutgers (B I), Colgate
Cornell Union (N),
Stevens Columbia (A A),
St. Lawrence (B Z), Syracuse (B E),

DISTRICT III.

Wash.-Jeff'n Pennsylvania
Dickinson Pa. State Coll. (A Y)
Johns Hopkins (A X), Lehigh (B X),

DISTRICT IV.

Hampden-Sidney (Z), Virginia (O),
North Carolina (H B), Davidson

DISTRICT V.

Centre (E), Vanderbilt (B A),
Mississippi (B B), Texas (B O),

DISTRICT VI.

Miami (A), Wittenberg (A T),
Cincinnati (B N), Denison (A H),
Western Reserve (B), Wooster (A A),
Ohio (B K), Kenyon (B A),
Ohio Wesleyan (O), Ohio State
Bethany West Virginia

DISTRICT VII.

De Pauw Wabash (T),
Indiana (H), Hanover (I),

DISTRICT VIII.

Michigan (A), Chicago (A P),
Knox Iowa Wesleyan (A E),
Beloit (X), Wisconsin (A H),
Iowa (A B), Northwestern (P),
Minnesota (B H),

DISTRICT IX.

Westminster (A A), Nebraska (A T),
Kansas (A N), Missouri
Denver (A Z), Colorado (B T),

DISTRICT X.

California Leland Stanford

OMEGA UPSILON PHI

COLORADO ETA CHAPTER.

Charter Granted, 1901.

COLORS.

Crimson and Gold.

FRATRES.

Harold Gould Garwood.
Earnest Folger Pope.
Howard McCrum Snyder.
Edward William Lazell.
Vardry Amon Hutton.
William Boyd Nicholl.
Herbert Cline Turrell.
Fred Vanrupee Shute.
George Oxre Asahel Kellogg.
Meade Austin Thomas.

FRATRES IN FACULTATE.

Eugene H. Robertson, Ph. M. M. D.

OMEGA
UPSILON
PHI

CHAPTER ROLL OF OMEGA UPSILON PHI

MEDICAL.

P. and S. of New York.
Cornell.
Denver Medical College.
University of Buffalo.
University of Cincinnati.
University of New York.
Trinity College, Toronto.
University of Colorado.
Roswell Park (Grad.), Buffalo, N. Y.

PI BETA PHI

COLORS.

Wine and Silver Blue.

FLOWER.

Carnation.

CALL.

Ring ching ching,
Ho hippie Hi,
Ra Ro Arrow,
Pi Beta Phi.

ACTIVE MEMBERS.

Mable Ashley.
Rosetta Gordon Bell.
Kathryn deLodds Burr.
Leata Elden.
Estelle May Holmes.
Sara Herron.
Maude Lucinda Knapp.
Lousie Annie Nelson.
Fanny Towne Plummer.
Lulu Maud Pinger.
Ethel Maryatt Wright.
Mary Louise Wanglin.
Marion Thomson Withrow.
Gretchen Louise Smith. (Pledge.)

SORORES IN URBE.

Frances Ruth Andrews.
Florence Wilder Coates.
Mrs. I. M. De Long.
Maude Elden.
Lulu Hankins-McAllister.
Edith Coan-McClure.
Josephine McIntosh.
Leila Peabody.
Georgina Rowland.
Blanch Miranda Squires.
Mae Whitmore.
Myrtle Drinnie Ziemer.

ROLL OF CHAPTERS

Vermont Alpha—Middlebury College, Middlebury, Vermont.
Vermont Beta—University of Vermont, Burlington, Vermont.
Columbia Alpha—Columbia University, Washington, D. C.
Pennsylvania Alpha—Swarthmore College, Swarthmore, Penn.
Pennsylvania Beta—Bucknell University, Lewisburg, Penn.
Ohio Alpha—Ohio University, Athens, Ohio.
Ohio Beta—Ohio State University, Columbus, Ohio.
New York Alpha—Syracuse University, Syracuse, N. Y.
Massachusetts Alpha—Boston University, Boston, Mass.
Maryland Alpha—Woman's College of Baltimore, Baltimore, Md.
Illinois Beta—Lombard University, Galesburg, Ill.
Illinois Delta—Knox College, Galesburg, Ill.
Illinois Epsilon—Northwestern University, Chicago, Ill.
Illinois Zeta—University of Illinois, Champaign, Ill.
Indiana Alpha—Franklin College, Franklin, Ind.
Indiana Beta—University of Indiana, Bloomington, Ind.
Indiana Gamma—University of Indianapolis, Indianapolis, Ind.
Michigan Alpha—Hillsdale College, Hillsdale, Mich.
Michigan Beta—University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Mich.
Iowa Alpha—Iowa Wesleyan University, Mt. Pleasant, Iowa.
Iowa Beta—Simpson College, Indianola, Iowa.
Iowa Zeta—Iowa State University, Iowa City, Iowa.
Wisconsin Alpha—University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wis.
Missouri Alpha—University of Missouri, Columbia, Mo.
Louisiana Alpha—Tulane University, New Orleans, La.
Kansas Alpha—Kansas University, Lawrence, Kansas.
Nebraska Beta—University of Nebraska, Lincoln, Neb.
Colorado Alpha—University of Colorado, Boulder, Colo.
Colorado Beta—Denver University, Denver, Colo.
California Beta—University of California, Berkeley, California.

DELTA GAMMA

Charter Granted, 1886.

COLORS.

Bronze, Pink and Blue.

FLOWER.

Cream Rose.

Kathryn Allgire.
Julia Bunyan.
Mary Elizabeth Brown.
Ella Callahan.
Essie M. Carr.
Ruth Murphy Davidson.
Nellie E. Drake.
Mary E. Elwell.
Mable Virginia Lubeck.
Elsie Moore.
Kittye Edna Rothwell-Varrell.
Emma Frances Sperry.
Arra Edna Sickman.
Myra Laura Thomas.
Anna Louise Wise.

SORORES IN URBE.

Mrs. John Gardiner.
Mrs. D. J. Haviland.
Mrs. Richard Whiteley.
Mrs. H. C. Barker.
Miss Mary Rippon.
Zena Agar Whitley.
Elizabeth Mosely McClure.
Jennie Francis Wise.
Elizabeth Wise.
Mrs. Charles Hotchkinson.
Margaret H. Whiteley.

DELTA GAMMA CHAPTERS

Alpha—Alliance, Ohio, Mt. Union College.
Zeta—Albion, Michigan, Albion College.
Eta—Akron, Ohio, Buchtel College.
Theta—Bloomington, Indiana, University of Indiana.
Kappa—Lincoln, Nebraska, University of Nebraska.
Lambda—Minneapolis, Minnesota, University of Minnesota.
Xi—Ann Arbor, Michigan, University of Michigan.
Sigma—Evanston, Illinois, Northwestern University.
Tau—Iowa City, Iowa, University of Iowa.
Upsilon—Leland Stanford, Palo Alto, California.
Phi—Boulder, Colorado, State University.
Chi—Ithaca, New York, Cornell University.
Psi—Baltimore, Maryland, The Woman's College.
Omega—Madison, Wisconsin, University of Wisconsin.

KAPPA KAPPA GAMMA

BETA MU CHAPTER.

Established April 5th, 1901.

COLORS.

Double Blue.

FLOWER.

Fleur de Lis.

PUBLICATION.

The Key.

GRADUATE MEMBER.

Dasie Wood.

UNDERGRADUATE MEMBERS.

1901.

Edith Elizabeth DeLong.
Mabel Mae Carroll.

1902.

Hattie Emma Pollard.
Mary Ella Wood.

1903.

Mary Edna Keyser.
Phanie Huntington.
Beatrice Eva Corley.
Carrie Elizabeth Orton.
Naeta Clark.
Nettie Janette Schwer.

1904.

Nellie Williams.
Jeanne Coulter.
Harriet Virginia Allen.

CHAPTER ROLL

ALPHA PROVINCE.

Phi—Boston University, Boston, Mass.
Beta Epsilon—Barnard College, New York City.
Psi—Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y.
Beta Tau—Syracuse University, Syracuse, N. Y.
Beta Alpha—University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, Pa.
Beta Iota—Swarthmore College, Swarthmore, Pa.
Gamma Rho—Allegheny College, Meadville, Pa.

BETA PROVINCE.

Lambda—Buchtel College, Akron, Ohio.
Beta Gamma—Wooster University, Wooster, Ohio.
Beta Nu—Ohio State University, Columbus, Ohio.
Beta Delpha—University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Mich.
Xi—Adrian College, Adrian, Mich.
Kappa—Hillsdale College, Hillsdale, Mich.

GAMMA PROVINCE.

Delta—Indiana State University, Bloomington, Ind.
Iota—DePauw University, Greencastle, Ind.
Mu—Butler College, Irvington, Ind.
Eta—University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wis.
Beta Lambda—University of Illinois, Champaign, Ill.
Upsilon—Northwestern University, Evanston, Ill.
Epsilon, Illinois Wesleyan University, Bloomington, Ill.

DELTA PROVINCE.

Chi—University of Minnesota, Minneapolis, Minn.
Beta Zeta—Iowa State University, Iowa City, Iowa.
Theta—Missouri State University, Columbia, Mo.
Sigma—Nebraska State University, Lincoln, Neb.
Omega—Kansas State University, Lawrence, Kan.
Beta Mu—University of Colorado, Boulder, Colo.
Pi—University of California, Berkeley, Cal.
Beta Eta—Leland Stanford Jr. University, Palo Alto, Cal.

ALUMNI ASSOCIATIONS

Boston, Canton, New York, Philadelphia, Columbus, Indianapolis, Bloomington (Ill.), Greencastle, Minneapolis, Kansas City, Denver.

ORDER OF THE GOLDEN CRAB

OFFICERS.

Reeve Chipman.
Louis Edward Clarke.
Earl Wheldon Haskins.

ACTIVE MEMBERS.

Henry Fulton, Jr.
George Richard Hay.
Charles Andrew Reynolds.
Howard Sebree Robertson.
Chester Stuyvester Van Brundt.
Paul Leroy West.
Fred Lewis White.

HONORARY MEMBERS.

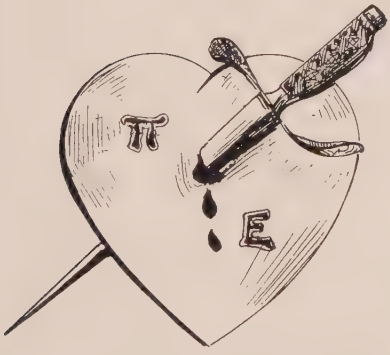
Lucius Everett Allgire.
William Henry Lockhart.
Arthur Maurice Nye.
William Herbert Rothwell.
Frank Collender West.

HEART AND DAGGER

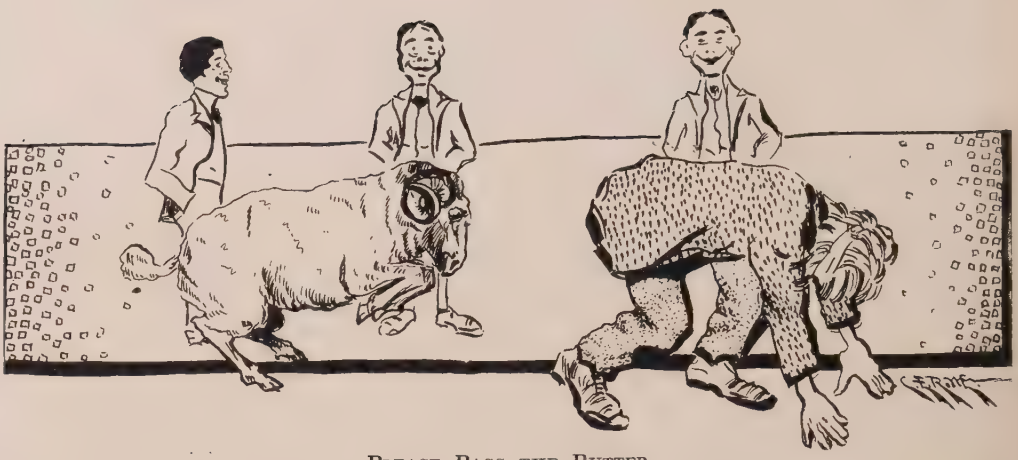
(FOUNDED IN 1900. HONORARY.)

ALUMNI.

Daniel P. Taylor.
Frederick H. Merten.
Wilson L. Turman.
William E. Withrow.
Willis L. Strachan.
Frederick P. Austin.
Harold G. Garwood.



Frank H. Wolcott.
George A. Carlson.
Charles A. Lory.
George R. Hay.
Omar E. Garwood.
Wellington Howard.
Fred L. White.



PLEASE PASS THE BUTTER.

OTHER FRATERNITIES REPRESENTED.

Wm. A. Cook, Σ. N.
Kansas University.

Reeve Chipman, Φ. Δ. Φ.
Northwestern Law.

Chester S. Van Brundt, A. T. Ω.
University of Illinois.

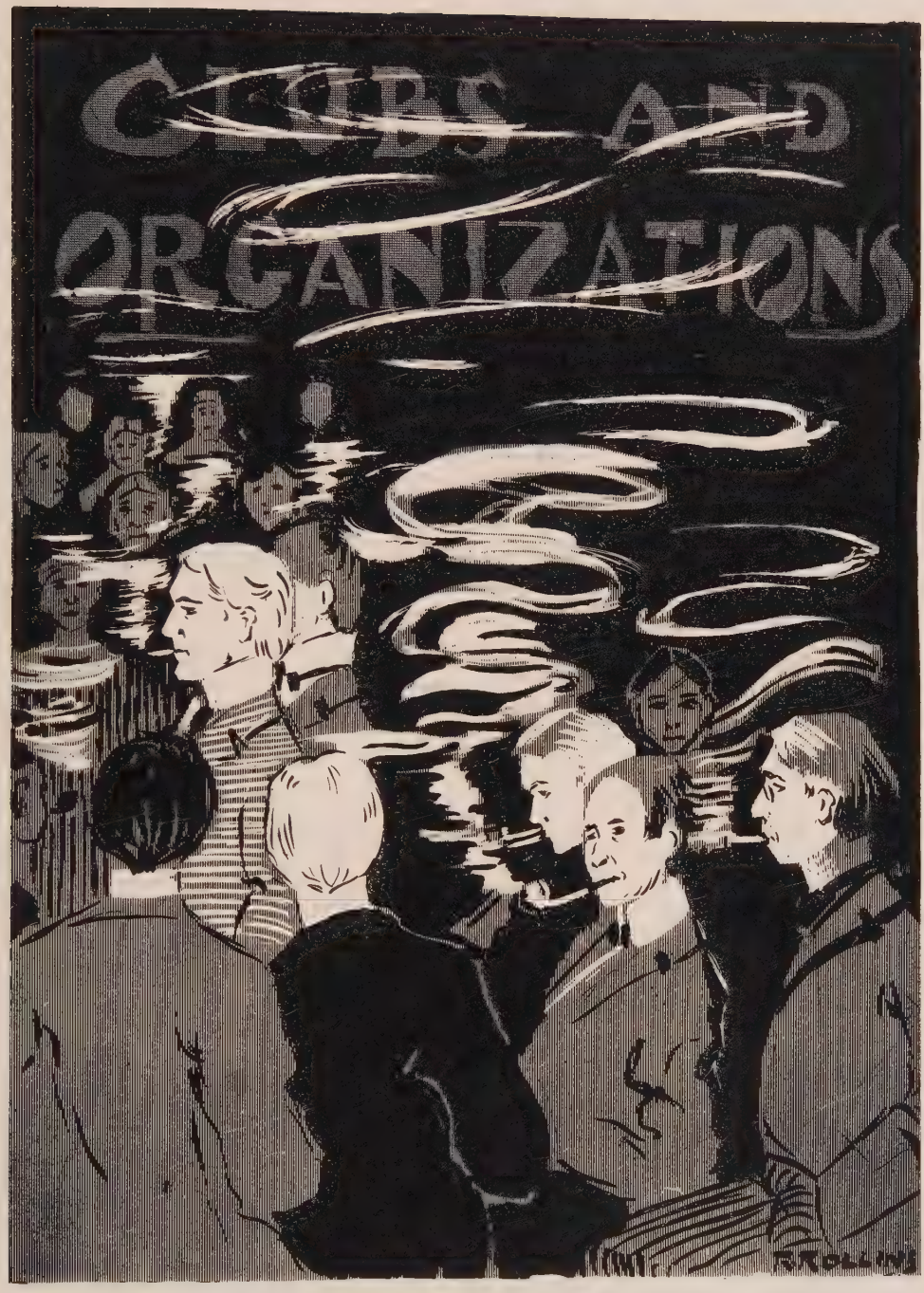
Harvey A. Carr, Σ. N.
De Pauw University.

Dr. Wm. Duane, Φ. K. Σ., Φ. B. K.
Harvard University.

H. M. Varrell, Δ. K. E.

Benj. Fitz, Θ. Δ .X.
Bowdoin.

Prof. Geo. C. Taylor, X. Ψ.
South Carolina College.


CLUBS AND
ORGANIZATIONS

GLEE CLUB

FIRST TENORS.

H. H. Sess, '03.....Denver
S. A. Coston, '01.....Boulder
Wm. A. Cook, '01.....Winfield, Kas.

SECOND TENORS.

Geo. R. Hay, '01.....Pueblo
P. Harry Argall, '03.....Denver
Elmer E. Jones, Grad. Stu.....
.....Hastings, Neb.

FIRST BASS.

Chas. H. Hatton, '04....Wichita, Kas.
Reeve Chipman, '01.....Denver
Philip A. Davis, '04.....Boulder

SECOND BASS.

L. A. Williams, '02.....Crowley, La.
Edw. Wm. Lazell, '02.....Denver
William Bell, '03.....Boulder
J. Barent Johnson, '02.....
.....Middletown, Conn.

SOLOIST.

Hines Himsworth, '04.....Denver

MANDOLIN CLUB

FIRST MANDOLIN.

Arthur C. Jarvis, '02....Indianola, Ia.
Richard Lamson, '01.Colorado Springs
Paul Temple, '04.....Boulder
A. T. Henry, Jr., '00.....Boulder

SECOND MANDOLIN.

Elmer E. Jones, Grad. Stu.....
.....Hastings, Neb.
Walter M. Appel, '02.....Denver

GUITARS.

Homer Underwood, '04.....Cheyenne
Chas. H. Hatton, '04....Wichita, Kas.
Robert Hubbard, '04.....Boulder

'CELLIST.

J. Carl Hill, '04.....Grand Junction

VIOLINIST.

Thos. J. West, '04.....Boulder

MANDOLIN SOLOIST.

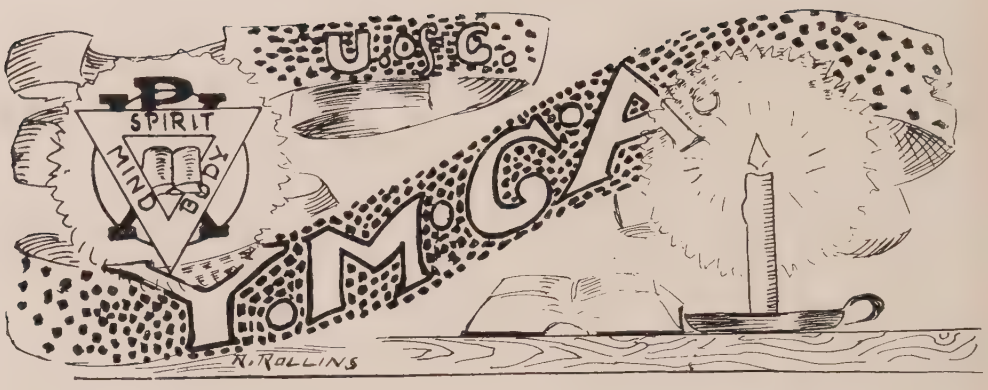
Jos. A. Ohnhaus..Cheyenne, Wyoming

OFFICERS

Geo. R. Hay.....Leader of Glee Club
Arthur C. Jarvis.....Leader of Mandolin Club
Prof. Henry Houseley.....Director
W. L. Turman.....Business Manager

ITINERARY, 1901

Boulder, March 16th.
Fort Collins, March 20th.
Greeley, March 21st.
Loveland, March 22nd.
Longmont, March 23rd.
Pueblo, March 25th.
Canon City, March 26th.
Florence, March 27th.
Salida, March 28th.
Leadville, March 29th.
Aspen, March 30th.
Grand Junction, April 1st.
Montrose, April 2nd.
Ouray, April 3rd.
Telluride, April 4th.
Durango, April 5th.
Silverton, April 6th.
Alamosa, April 8th.
Monte Vista, April 9th.
Victor, April 10th.



OFFICERS.

President.....Clyde Homer Jay
Vice President.....Harry Irwin
Treasurer.....John R. Bell
Secretary.....O. S. Fowler

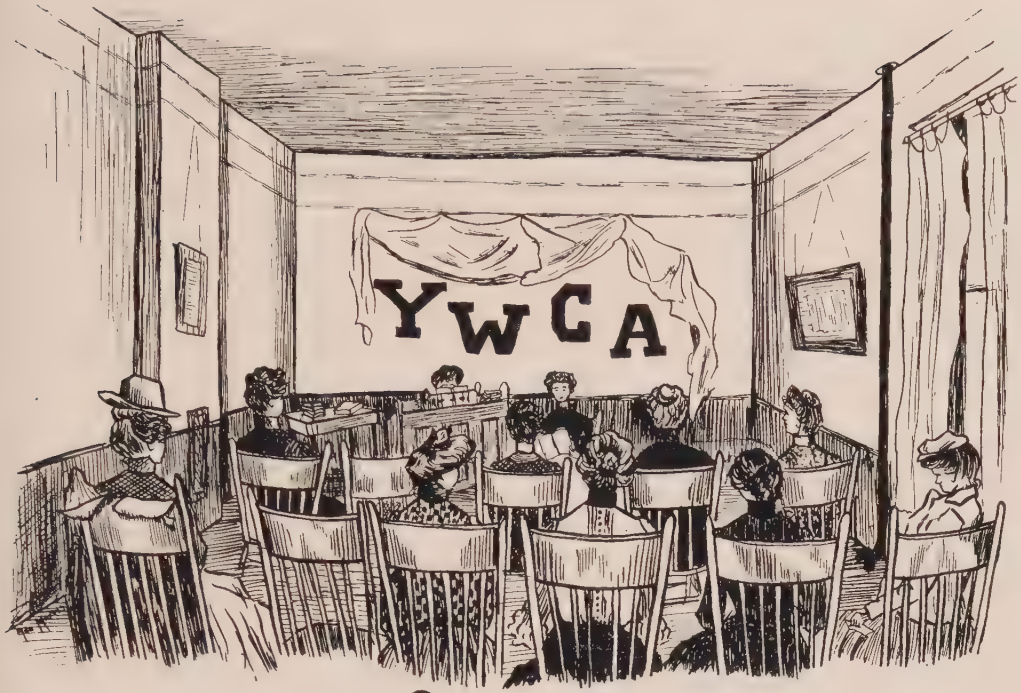
ACTIVE MEMBERS.

O. P. Akers, M. A., C. E., '02.
W. J. Bingham, M. D., '04.
William Bell, B. Ph., '03.
John R. Bell, B. Ph., '01.
Craig Bouten, B. S., '04.
Arthur T. Blachly, M. D., '04.
J. C. Bailer, B. S., '01.
Albert Cooperrider, B. Ph., '03.
Gideon S. Dodds, B. A., '04.
John Q. Dier, B. Ph., '01.
G. C. Emery, M. D., '04.
A. M. Espinosa, B. Ph., '02.
J. C. Fowler, C. E., '03.
Lucerne Fowler, '04.
O. S. Fowler, B. S., '02.
Benj. J. Fitz, B. A., '97; M. A., '98.
Louis W. Fee, M. D., '03.
Carbon Gillaspie, M. D., '04.
R. J. Gregerson, M. D., '01.
L. B. Green, M. D., '04.
T. F. Hardy, B. A., '02.
Harry Irwin, M. D., '04.
Elmer E. Jones, B. A., '96; M. A., '01.
*Roscoe Kennedy, M. D., '04.
N. H. Lewis, B. Ph., '04.
S. J. Lamme, M. D., '04.
Ralph Morris, M. D., '02.
T. W. Mortimer, B. D., '00; LL. B., '03.
O. S. Moore, E. E., '03.
William H. Neill, E. E., '03.
Lemuel F. Parton, B. S., '02.
William M. Parker, B. S., '02.
Wilkins O. Peterson, B. Ph., '01.
Walter S. Reed, B. Ph., '02.
Ralph E. Reed, B. Ph., '02.
Guy Richardson, C. E., '01.
A. H. Ripley, M. D., '04.
J. Morris Stout, B. A., '01.
Walter C. Stickney, LL. B., '03.
Geo. W. States, M. D., '04.
S. Homer Underwood, B. A., '04.
Victor Turpenning, LL. B., '03.
Ernest L. Williams, LL. B., '02.

ASSOCIATE MEMBERS.

John Carlson, M. D., '02.
Thos. J. Doyle, C. E., '02.
Fritz C. Mors, E. E., '02.
C. J. Strayer, E. E., '04.
Frank H. Wolcott, B. S., '02.

* Deceased.

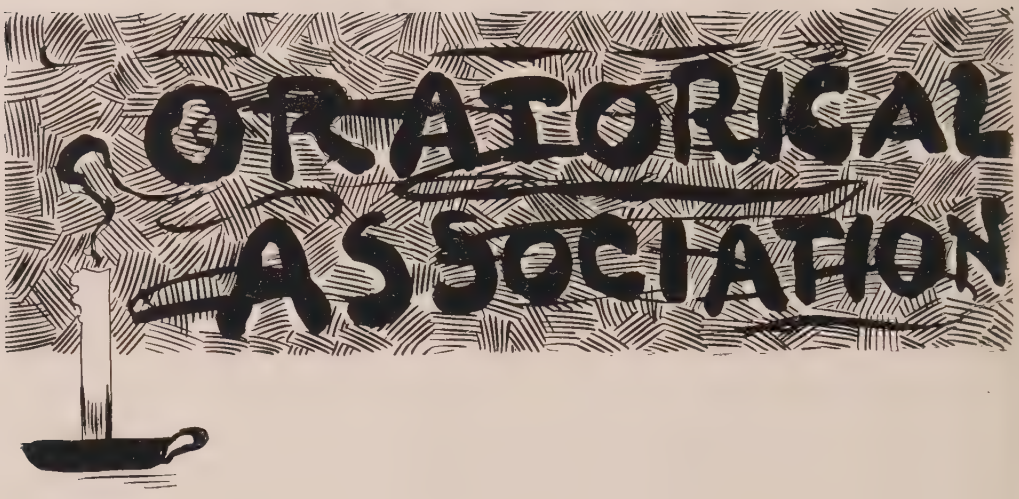


OFFICERS.

President	Hattie Pollard
Vice President	Julia Bunyan
Secretary	Baldwin
Cor. Secretary	Turner
Treasurer	Edna Voight

The Young Woman's Christian Association was organized in 1892. Its purpose is to bring all the girls of the University into a closer bond of Christian fellowship. Last spring the Faculty gave the Associations the use of a large, pleasant room on the first floor of the Main. By private subscriptions money was raised to furnish it. Two receptions are given each year—one early in the fall is held in the gymnasium to the Faculties and students, and a more informal one is given the Second Semester, at a private home. Under the auspices of the Y. W., assisted by the Y. M. C. A., a Vesper service is held in the chapel every Sunday afternoon at four o'clock, and addressed by some member of the Faculty or some minister from the city. A class in Bible Study meets every week, on Wednesday, and devotional meetings are held every Thursday.

The state convention of the Y. W. C. A. was held at the University in November, 1900. Delegates were present from Colorado College, Denver University, State Agricultural College and Greeley Normal.



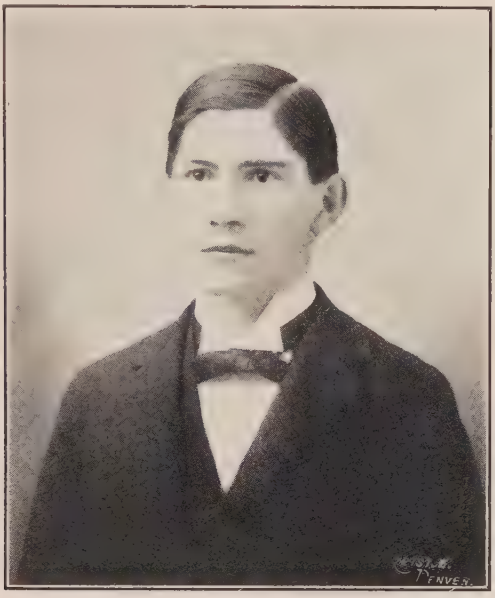
President.....Omar E. Garwood
Vice President.....George A. Carlson
Secretary and Treasurer.....Harvey A. Carr

STATE ORATORICAL ASSOCIATION

President.....B. M. Rastall, C. C.
Vice President.....Miss Elise Jones, D. U.
Secretary and Treasurer.....Frank H. Wolcott, U. C.

THE ORATORICAL ASSOCIATION

It is a pleasing and gratifying reflection on the spirit and integrity of the students in the University of Colorado that they have maintained for the past six years an enviable and commendable record in the line of oratory. No student interest has met with greater success or enlisted more generous and unselfish support than this favorite field of work With the Department of English Language, headed by Mr. Taylor, sup-



Wilkins O. Peterson.

porting the side of thought and composition, and Mr. Cleaves in the more technical work of training in delivery, the students receive every possible encouragement and assistance from the University. The first contest in the series is called the preliminary contest. The speakers in this contest number between fifteen and thirty and are selected from the regular classes in oratory and debate. The winners of this contest, eight in number, speak again in the local contest. The winners of the local contest receive prizes of fifteen and ten dollars, and represent the University in the State Oratorical Contest. It is in the state contest that the greatest interest centers. Representatives from Denver University, Colorado College and the University of Colorado participate in this contest. The State University has won more than a fair share of honors in the state contest. The winner of this contest represents Colorado in the interstate contest.

Perhaps there is no phase of student life at the University which draws forth in a greater measure the native powers of the individual student and trains him more effectually to command attention after he has left his Alma Mater than the severe discipline, the strenuous labor and keen effort which he must exert in order to come out a winner in any of this series of contests.

Lieut. Gen. Ske Clarke—President.
Maj. Gen. Henry Fulton, Jr.—Tester of the Sour Mash.
Gen. George Taylor—Keeper of the Dueling Pistols.
Judge Ide Rothberger—Interpreter of the Code.
Col. Browning Hatch—Captain of the Lynching Squad.
Squire Buck Ewing—Keeper of the Hounds.
Hon. Tit Varrell—Chairman of the Race Horse Committee.
Cap. Parson—Overseer of the Moonshine Still.

COLONELS.

Erastus Blackman.
Doc Meyers.
Bugs Willis.
Ab Bobbams.
Sam Chilton.

MAJORS.

Reeve Chipman.
Tubbie Turman
Mark Hanna.
Tank Argall.
O. S. Fowler.

Non-commissioned officers are ineligible to membership.

The membership of this club has increased so enormously since last year that we could not take the space to print names. We give below, however, a list of offices to which the members are eligible, and also a few names of the most radical anti-spoonists.

Chief Osculator.
Main Reciprocator.
Eminent Spooner.
Royal Sweetness.
Noble Squeezer.
Expert Maker of the Goo Goo Eyes.

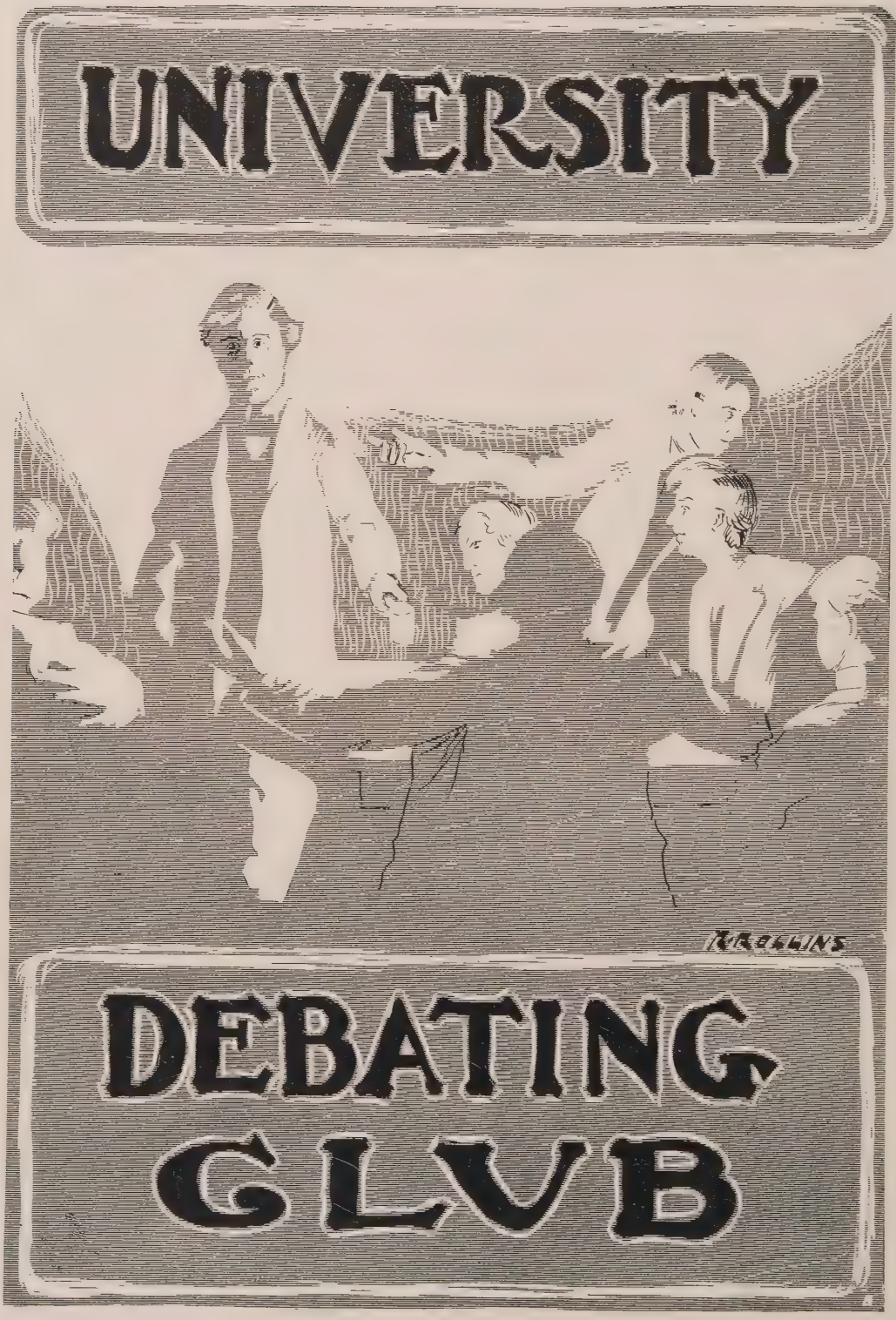
COMMITTEES.

Sofas and cushions.
Cozy corners.
Fudges.

ANTI-SPOONERS.

A. H. Law and wife.
O. P. Akers and wife.
Dad Bailar and wife.
John R. Bell and wife.
Buck Ewing and wife.

(New members elected at every full moon.)


UNIVERSITY
R. ROLLINS
DEBATING
CLUB

THE DEBATING ORGANIZATIONS

Debating at the University of Colorado is one of the most potent factors in University life. It keeps apace with oratory and the other student interests, and justly receives hearty support. The interest in debate is centered about the three following heads: The Giffin Prize Debate, the Colorado-Kansas Debate, and the University Debating Club.

The Giffin Prize Debate occurs annually on the evening of Arbor Day, the prize of fifteen dollars being given by Hon. Sidney A. Giffin of Boulder. The prize is awarded for the best individual argument. The winners of prizes in past years are Arthur M. Nye, 1896; Wilson M. Shafer, 1897; J. Vaughan Sickman, 1898; E. C. Lehman, 1899; Ethelbert Adams, 1900. One contestant is selected by each of the college classes, and four contestants are selected by the Faculty, one being taken from each class. Those selected this year are:

Freshman Class.....Jackson, Metzler
Sophomore Class.....Cooperrider, Hornbeck
Junior Class.....Adams, Espinosa
Senior Class.....Nixon

The Colorado-Kansas Debate is an annual debate between the University of Colorado and the University of Kansas. The debate is held alternately in Colorado and Kansas. A team of two speakers is chosen to represent each institution. In 1900 the University of Colorado won the first of these debates.

The University Debating Club is composed of students from all departments of the University. Weekly meetings are held on Saturday evenings in the Hale Building.

AMALGAMATED ASSOCIATION OF CHEERFUL IDIOTS

Motto:—Do that which will result in the greatest good to the greatest number.

Also:—The greatest number is "number one."

LOCAL CHAPTER.

The Hon. Huckleberry Picnic Martin.
The Hon. Rickety Kinks Allen.
The Hon. Fightin' Hot Wolcott.
The Hon. Free Lunch White.
The Hon. Crab Apple Lory.
The Hon. Gee Cly Nichols.
The Hon. Bum McCandless.
The Hon. Peg Hay.

College days will soon be over,
And the old A. A. C. I.
Only lives and dies in memory
Of the sweet old times gone by.

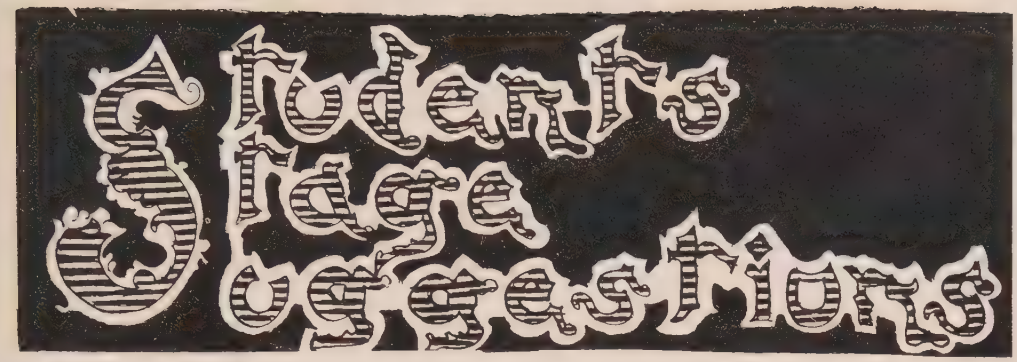
Ah! It is with deepest sadness
That we leave this dear old hall,
Seeking name and fame and fortune,
And perhaps we lose them all.

But we love our Alma Mater
With the love of all true sons;
With the love that grows and deepens
As the time stream onward runs.

Hail to thee! O Alma Mater!
Be thou still our guiding star.
May our deeds still find thy favor,
Never once thy fair name mar.

DUDE CLUB.

Chief Fashion Plates—Clothes-Pin Rubidge.
Overseer of Laundry Work—Law.
Chief Pants Creaser—Dr. Hellems.
Committee on Hair Cuts—Turman.
Committee on Hot Ties—Griffith.
Committee on High Collars—Sam Chilton.
Committee on Tight Trousers—Akers.
Dean of Class in Lord Chesterfield—Chivarie "Pat."
Committee on Nobby Slippers—G. Spit Fowler.
Committee on Prim Hats—"Chapeau" Chipman.
Committee on Fancy Full Dress Socks—Peg.
Committee on Nobby Frock Coats—Blake and Blake.
Chief Lady-Killer—Joe Ohnhouse.
The "Young" Sport—J. V. Sickman.



Two Little Vagrants—Reynolds Brothers.
The Degenerates—Argall and Rubidge.
Old Innocence—Maj. Fulton.
The Airship—Parson Haskins.
The Comedy of Errors—Buel's Attempts at Dancing.
The Devil's Disciple—O. S. Fowler.
Beau Brummel—Rusty Woods.
A Lady of Quality—Percy Ansbach.
Rip Van Winkle—Long Johnson.
A Fool of Fortune—Tonkin.
The Black Sheep—Blackman.
The Rogue—Hansom Parlan.
Ten Nights in a Bar Room—Ad Bobbams.
A Wise Woman—Kit Rothwell.
Love's Labor Lost—Horace Dodge.
Hotel Topsy Turvy—S. A. E. House.
The Black Crook—Turrell.

OFFICERS.

Mae Carroll.....President
Ada Savory.....First Vice President
Fanny Towne Plummer.....Second Vice President
Arra Sickman.....Recording Secretary
Nettie Schwer.....Corresponding Secretary
May Brines.....Treasurer
Vera Dawson.....Chairman of Entertainment Committee
Lou Pinger.....Chairman of Vigilant Committee

SELF-GOVERNMENT AMONG WOMEN STUDENTS.

The Academic Committee of Bryn Mawr College has compiled from reports of the foremost universities a careful paper, in which the conclusion is drawn that of all methods of control among women students, self-government is the best.

In regard to the details of this system each student body is a law unto itself. But in outline the plan is that representatives, chosen from the young women by the young women, shall be the embodiment of the sentiment concerning general conduct. Beside the principal committee, there will be others in the halls and homes. In all these the power is merely legislative. Executive authority is invested in the Faculty.

A feeling of personal responsibility on the part of the students in a co-educational school obviates the seeming necessity of any such restrictions as are enforced in women's colleges. It is a fact of which the young women of the former may be proud that they are generally found worthy of their privileges. In the University of Colorado there is co-education. The fullest measure of freedom and respect accorded to the American girl is granted to the women of our University. In order to protect our reputation and guard against any possible mistakes, our University has, by agreement of students and Faculty, fallen into line with the leading colleges of the country by enrolling itself under the self-government system. The past has not called for any serious reforms, and it is certain that with the sentiment created by this voluntary movement, the daily life about college will continue to bear the stamp of womanly refinement none the less genuine because voluntary.

GIRLS' MASKED BALL

The pretty ballet dancer presiding at the piano struck up a grand march, and soon the gaily dressed ladies and their gentlemen escorts, in full evening dress, were moving in line, led by a beautiful, curly-headed young fellow in white ducks. The first waltz had hardly begun when the maskers, dancing in the rear of the room, murmuring and exclaiming, gave way to two late arrivals—a modest little boy and girl, who came hand in hand. He wore poor, little, patched trousers and a rather dilapidated straw hat; she, slightly taller than her diminutive friend, wore a gown of neat blue print, rather small for her, 'tis true, but she walked demurely up the center of the hall with her pretty, little, two-pig-tailed-head bent towards the ground and shaded by her grandmother's old black garden hat. Soon they were lost in the whirl of the dancers, and others in striking costumes took their turn of inspection. A very stunning masker, in semi-patriotic costume, looked hauntingly familiar, and proved a Prof's wife when they unmasked. A fierce pirate was seen dancing with the Queen of Hearts, and ballet girls galore waltzed around with dignified Seniors. A heart-breaking jack-tar, with the whitest of sailor suits, won the heart of a little maid with heavy golden curls and winning graces. A calico dude attentively sought out a basket ball girl, and baseball men seemed particularly fascinated by the richly dressed gypsies. Bo-peep sweetly guarded her sheep, when she did not lay aside her crook to dance. A gallant knight guarded the windows with drawn sword and paid his chivalrous court to the ladies. When the President directed that all should stand around in a circle, the signal for unmasking was given, and presto! every mask hid the face of some college girl. The wicked pirate turned out to be a harmless little Freshman, and the Seniors proved to be Sophomores as a rule. Each revealed her identity to the amazement of her most intimate friends. After the jolliest sort of a time with many journeys to the lemonade corner, a natty cadet, assisted by the Goddess of Liberty, took a flash-light of the whole assembly. Then the strains of "Home, Sweet Home," put an end to the evening's fun, and tired and happy, they left the Gym, another pleasant memory having been added to the list of those connected with the Woman's League masquerades.

THE AUTO-PHOTOS OF THE MEMBERS OF THE
ARTISTS' CLUB

"When we first came on this campus,
Freshmen, we, as green as grass;
Now as grave and reverend Seniors,
Smile we o'er the verdant past."

SILVER AND GOLD

BOARD OF EDITORS.

H. A. Carr.....Editor-in-Chief
Fanny Towne Plummer.....Associate
J. Vaughan Sickman.....Athletic
B. F. Gorgenberger.....Prose
H. C. Dodge.....Verse
Phil. Davis.....Locals
P. H. Argall.....Humorous
Hanson T. Parlin.....Exchange Editor
Geo. R. Hay.....Business Manager
W. J. Cheley.....Assistant

CORRESPONDENTS.

Ira C. Rothgerber.....Law School
H. R. Whitehead.....Engineers
John Carlson.....Medical School
H. G. Garwood.....Gymnasium

CANTUS ALUMNI

(With an apology to Mr. Kipling.)

On the campus there's a cottage looking westward to the hills,
Where the fragrance from the wild flowers the soft air sweetly fills,
And the breezes in the pine trees and the chapel bells they say:
"Come you back, you college student, come you back without delay.

"Come you back without delay
To the books and Profs. and play,
To the dancing, flunking, feasting,
In the dear old college way,
In the dear old U. of C.,
Where life flows on full and free,
And the Gold and Silver ribbon is our badge of loyalty."

In this cottage dwelt a maiden, just a bright-eyed, fair co-ed.,
Who with science, Greek and Latin tried to fill her pretty head.
And I saw her first a-sittin' 'neath a tree with earnest look,
Wasting all those winning glances on a stupid, classic book.

Stupid book was such a trial,
Pretty eyes made to beguile—
Plucky lot she cared for Plato
When I'd talked to her a while,
In the dear old U. of C. . . . . .

When behind the western mountains slowly sank the red-gold sun,
And the Vesper bells a-chiming told another day was done,
We would stroll along the lake-side or would rest beneath a tree,
While the little stars were peeping, talk of things that were to be.

Talk of things that were to be,
In those careless days of glee,
And we planned a splendid future
When we once had our degree,
In the dear old U. of C. . . . . .

But that's all put behind me—long ago and far away,
And there's no more books and football, and there's no more work and play,
And I'm learning in the city what the old Alumnus tells:
"If you've once been here to college, you will never heed aught else."

No you'll never heed aught else
But those musty, bookish smells,
And the sunshine and the pine trees
And those warning chapel bells,
In the dear old U. of C. . . . . .

Oh, I'm weary of this big world and it's not what I had dreamed,
And I find I'm so much smaller than in college I had seemed.
Though these city girls are lovely and a wondrous clever band,
Give me back my college maiden!—for they do not understand.

I obey the least command
At the touch of one small hand,
Yet my heart sighs for the co-ed. who could always understand
In the dear old U. of C. . . . . .

So sometimes my heart gets longing for the dear old college days,
For the maidens, books and the happy, easy ways;
On the campus towards the mountains—it is there that I would be,
Where the chapel bell a-callin' says forever more to me:

"Come you back without delay
To the books and Profs. and play,
To the dancing, flunking, feasting,
In the dear old college way,
In the dear old U. of C.,
Where life flows on full and free,
And the Gold and Silver ribbon is our badge of loyalty."

—M. S., '00 (IN S. AND G.)

SEATTLE GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY
P. O. Box 549
Seattle, Wash. 98111

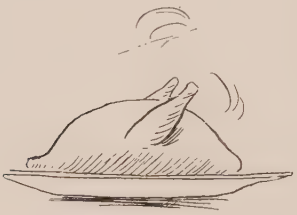
THE TRIP TO COLORADO SPRINGS

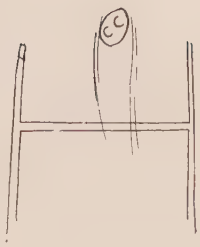
Boulder, Colo., Nov. 18, 1900.

Dear Old Man—It is Sunday afternoon and most of the "dorm" is out "cutting ice," but my head is too big, so I'm barred. Really, I feel like a nickel's worth of beer left over night. You see I am just recovering from a trip to the Springs. By the way, Bunkie, there's where you missed half your life, and if your grandmother had to die, I think they might have postponed her obituaries so you could have been with us.

We got a special train after a good bit of skirmishing by the girls, and we all piled on at 8:30 Saturday morning. I borrowed a V from a "friend" and left my overcoat at my uncle's, so I felt like a "bloated bondholder." The trip down to the Springs was comparatively quiet. Williams led us in singing "Palms of victory," etc., and ended up by one of his own composing—"If you don't go to Colorado Springs, you won't go to heaven when you die"—whereupon "Brownie" sagely remarked: "Faith, but I niver expicted to git to the hivinly land so chape as this."

We had ordered dinner at the depot restaurant in the Springs and were not long in finding the place after we got off the train. They were prepared for us and had concocted several extra fine special dishes, with prices to match. It was a picnic to see the boys try to steer the girls toward the ten-cent dishes by ordering up sandwiches and coffee, but the girls calmly and innocently called for all the extras. When my side partner ordered bouillon, oyster patties, fried chicken, ice cream and cake, I saw my finish and groaned inwardly. When we got through, or when the girls did, for a sandwich can be disposed of in short order, we started for the field. We had to change cars and the "bloomin' " conductors wouldn't give any transfers. I didn't say anything and dug up my last dollar as if it were a five cent piece, but I'll venture to say you could have heard the eagle squeal when I first dove into my pocket for the dear thing. We were soon at the field and I was wondering how to get two people inside that high board fence on ninety cents when the gatekeeper informed us that the manager had ordered seats for us and we could settle with him. The game commenced almost at the appointed hour, we winning the toss. Turman got loose in the first scrimmage and





was soon speeding (?) down the field, urged on by our cheers and frantic appeals to keep it up, but alas! a Springs player steadily gained on him and finally pulled him down, not until "Cap" had made a sixty-yard run, however. Our luck seemed to change here and we lost the ball on downs. C. C. steadily advanced it and Johnston kicked a Princeton. They soon had a touchdown to their credit and things began to look pretty blue for us, but we kept on rooting. Rothgerber and Ad Bobbams were leaders, and they were doing nobly, but became involved in a dispute as to which one that Springs girl was smiling at, consequently the yelling ceased. Williams couldn't stand this, and, relying, doubtless, on his success in leading the singing, started in to lead the rooting, but was promptly called down. A fight seemed inevitable, but peace was restored and the rooting went on louder than ever. About this time a Springs woman who had drifted into the wrong pew, exasperated beyond endurance, turned and gave us a heartrending blast of defiance through her little tin horn, and immediately fainted from over-exertion. Oh, there was excitement galore. Of the rest of the game I won't say much, the score—21-0—tells the tale. Our boys played their very best and were beaten only by superior playing.

Soon as time was called we lit out for the depot. Seeing some of the crowd headed for a restaurant, *she* allowed we ought to follow, and I meekly consented. How I was going to bunco the cashier of the joint I had no idea, but I resolved to "do or die," "sink or swim," and waded boldly in. Judging from my previous experience I expected her to order the whole bill of fare, but her appetite had vanished with the losing of the game and I got out on fifty-five cents. I was afraid if we went sightseeing any she would probably want a souvenir or two, so I suggested we get on the train. We had to wait a while for the team, but at last we started and I heaved a sigh of relief, thinking my troubles were almost at an end, but the news agent came through and dropped a box of caramels in her lap, which she immediately devoured, and the price of which I charged up to profit and loss.

You would never have thought, had you taken a survey of the crowd, that we had but lately seen our colors dragged in the dust by our most bitter rivals. I am not an artist or I would try and sketch that car for you, but I'll describe it. "Gee Spit" Fowler, the respected president of the Y. M. C. A., was trying to unscrew the sign, "Passengers not allowed to stand on the platform," with no idea of confiscating the same, however; Brown, the terror of the Humane Society, had gallantly given up his seat for the coach and his lady friend, and was now seated on a dress suit case right handy to the water tank, which he frequently tapped in lieu of something stronger; "Tank," not the water tank, but the fellow who writes for the Sliver paper under the nom-de-plume of Dooley, was shooting craps with Richardson, and from all appearances was no new hand at the business; the girls whom they were supposed to be looking after were indulging in an animated conversation on the sin of gambling; Mortimer was all wrapped up in the girl beside him, and seemed serenely oblivious to the orange peelings which were being passed his way; Ikey had been sitting between them, but they had mutually agreed that a third person, even as small as Ikey, was a crowd, and had forcibly ejected him; he was now being passed down the car a la basket ball; McCain was explaining to a couple of Prep. girls how he came to be such a phenom. in football; a noise coming from one end of the car that resembled the exhaust of a bath tub indicated that Patterson was asleep; our friend Tim was trying to persuade some girl to faint, so that he and Dr. Greg. could demonstrate their abilities; the rest of suite seven—Woodbury—were occupied in their usual pastime—playing cards. However, this proved to be too slow and they indulged in a small rough house, in which the girls they had for partners came out rather the worse for wear. The tall girl lost her dark glasses and this robbed her of her dignified air; the short girl had her hat knocked lopsided, while her hair looked like a hay stack after a wind storm; this didn't serve to attract Tonkin's attention at all, for he was devoting it to a very tall gal-ie, some said that it was a Missfortune, but I don't believe it; Turman was singing at the top of that deep base voice of his, "Palms of victory, crowns of glory, palms of victory we shall wear;" it was only a "pipe dream" of his; the captain of the basket-ball team was joshing him because he couldn't run faster, and declared her team could beat any that the Springs put out; Alfred Law and Co. were tired and had gone to sleep. All this time we were speeding toward Denver, which we reached in the

remarkable time of 4 hours 10 minutes 3 and 5/8 seconds, including stops. After a careful inspection to see that there were no hot boxes as a result of this speed, we started on our way again. The engineer evidently appreciated the generosity of the boys in the smoker and started to take us to Fort Collins, but Major Fulton, the chaperoner, objected, and I did, too, cause mamma said she had to be home by midnight, so we backed up, and in the course of an hour or two arrived at Boulder. I had to pike home with *her* first, and when at last I reached my room and piled into bed I strove to offer up a prayer of thanksgiving that I was still ten cents to the good, but the only words that seemed at all fitting were some I had once read in "Life:"

"The day is done
And darkness falls on the vanquished team
Like balm upon their bruises,
Or plaster or cold cream.
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me,
A feeling akin to pain,
As I silently count the dollars
I lost on that football game."

Say, old man, I was interrupted here by my face, which is absolutely aching to be fed, so I'll jar loose.

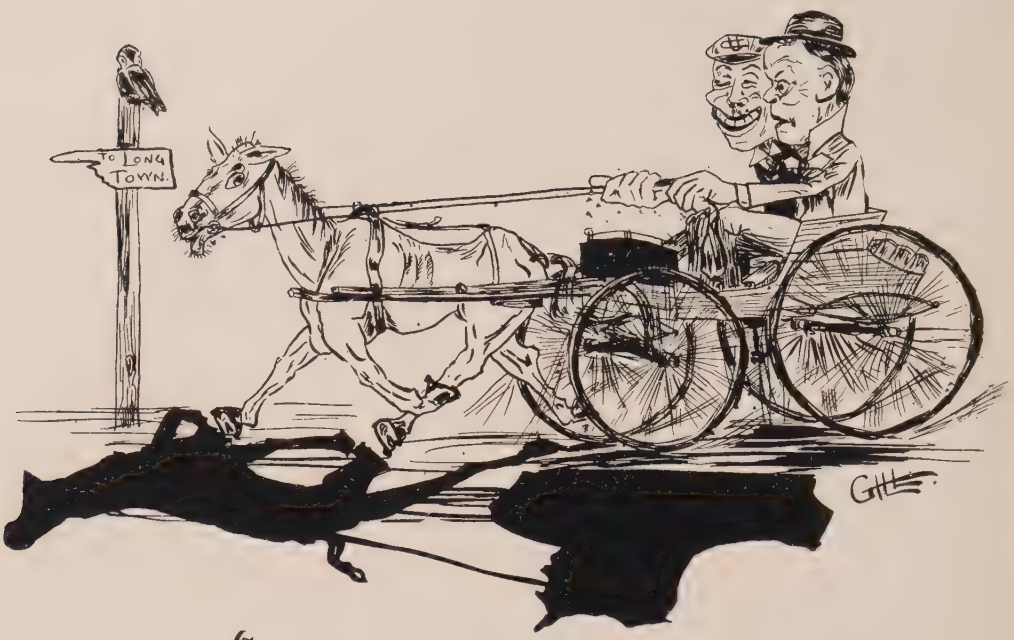
Yours,

—"Rags," '04.

POTESTAS VINCIT OMNIA

! O América, noble tu historia
tus valientes heroes hiciéron!
y con el bello estandarte de victoria,
libertad para todos adquiriéon.
Con su sangre ellos consagarón
el ideal de libres siempre ser,
un ideal que los siglos confirmáron,
pero todo lo vence el poder.
Tus extensas comarcas ofrecen
lugares á todas tus gentes;
y tus ríos caudalosos te engrandecen,
! o América país de independientes!
El derecho, la paz é independencia,
nos preciamos de siempre sostener;
esta fué siempre nuestra creencia,
pero todo lo vence el poder.
Nuestra historia pasada nos dice:
—en América reína el deler—
Ahora:—contradigo lo lo que dije,
porque todo lo vence el poder—
La historia del mundo ha provado,
que el derecho no puede existir,
donde reína el brazo del soldado,
y el oro su surso á regir.
La nación poderosa tuvo síempre,
tiene ahora y siempre tendrá,
este mote escrito en su frente:
Potestas vincit omnía.

—Aurelio M. Espinosa.



MR. BROWN OF DUBLIN

WISE young man of great renown
Has landed here from Dublin town;
He did so well at Trinity
That he has a B. A. degree.

He went to that wise man DeLong
And sang to him a lengthy song;
So great a man, said he, am I
That hardest Math. would be but pi.

His registration then complete,
He thought of pleasure, for a treat,
And so set out with friend McCain
Upon a bookselling campaign.

They hired a horse and buggy, too,
Thus out from Longmont town they drew,
The horse was poor and soon fell dead;
Brown wished himself at home in bed.

The owner then a warrant swore
For Brown and McCain, who, feeling sore,
Soon hied them forth upon the rail,
To Boulder town to get good bail.

Some days passed by in quiet peace;
Brown prayed full hard for death's relief
Of public trial to save disgrace,
The which, in truth, he feared to face.

But wicked men must face the law—
The truth of this poor Brown soon saw—
The trial passed, acquitted he,
Returned to Boulder in great glee.

Now free from care, with Math. he strove,
And wrung its secrets treasure trove
From its hard heart. He's on the way
To make himself a great M. A.

His round, red face, so full of joy
Makes people think he's but a boy,
But one who knows so much of horse
Is not a boy, but something worse.

The moral of this tale is plain—
Don't ever drive for idle gain
A horse so poor he cannot go,
Be it horse of flesh, or Cicero.

—P. H. A.

A TOAST

Here's to the girl with merry eyes,
Drink hearty, boys, with me;
Eyes as deep and blue as the skies,
Drink hearty, boys, and free.
Here's to the eyes I loved so well,
Drink and drink again;
Here's to the love I dare not tell,
Drink, 'twill drown my pain.
Here's to those eyes, don't mind the cost,
Drink, I am with you yet;
Here's to the eyes I loved and lost;
Drink, I must forget.

—"Van."

MY PIPE

When sorrow comes, life's happiness to mar,
And when old friends prove false to me;
When hope is lost and all its phantoms flee;
When bitter memories come of that dread hour
In which I struggled with a quizz in Math.
And when I flunk in Learning's rugged path,
One friend can comfort with a magic power.

Friend of the friendless, gently thou dost wipe
Away all traces of my many trials;
And stay the witchery of Dan Cupid's wiles.
To Wisdom's priceless fruitage, fair and ripe,
And fabled apples of Hesperides,
Thou art an open Sesame. For those
Dear joys I thank thee, my old friend—my pipe.

—"Van."

ICE CUTTING

A Tragedy in Three Acts.

Time, Sunday, February 17, 1901. Place, Cottage No. 2.

ACT I.

9 a. m. (knock at the door).

Gentleman Caller—"May I see Miss S—h—r a minute?"
Miss D.—"Your card please." (Exit Miss D.)

ACT II.

Reception room (four hours later).

Miss S.—"Will you please bring over dinner for two?"

ACT III.

10 o'clock (rap at R. R. door).

Miss D. (in a stern voice)—"Miss S., will you see that the lights are out and the door's locked promptly?"

Young Gentleman (looking at his watch)—"How quickly that minute passed." (Exeunt.)

PAT GILL
1901

HER MISSENT LETTER

Jack Randolph sat in his room, the very prettiest in the fraternity house, puffing out great rings of fluffy, feathery smoke. "Happy, lucky Jack," everybody called him. He had entered the university three years ago with enough money to make life very comfortable, enough brains to carry him through his classes with little effort and a good-natured manliness which made him universally popular. He sat, watching the rings rise higher and higher, and strange as it may seem, Jack, happy-go-lucky Jack, was day-dreaming. The smile of a sweet-faced girl haunted him. He was thinking how bright life would be if he could see that smile often, if he could have its owner always near him. He remembered just how she looked as she bade him good-night and good-bye the evening before. She had taken an early morning train for St. Louis to make a few week's visit with a cousin, and had allowed him her last evening at home. She had talked in her pretty, attractive way of the good times she was going to have, of the dance to be given in her honor, of all the sights she was going to see during her stay; and he had been thinking all the while how lonesome the town would seem without her. He had wanted to tell her so many things that night, but there was something in her face which forbade him. He had been there such a short time, he thought, when he heard the impatient footsteps of her father, Judge Wright, up and down the hall. He looked at the clock and saw that in some unaccountable, exasperating way the hands had crawled around to eleven. He seized his hat, thrust into her hands a letter which, he explained, he had written to while away a few minutes of the dreary train ride, heard indistinctly her thanks and admonitions to be a good boy while she was gone, then realized that the door had been closed after him. He glanced back in time to see her looking intently at the envelope, her sweet, girlish face outlined against the flickering firelight, making, as Jack thought, the prettiest picture he had ever seen.

At last his pipe went out, and he sat holding it in his hands, letting the ashes spill over his clothes and down onto the floor. Happening to let his eyes fall on the table, he suddenly realized that his lessons were as yet unprepared for the next day. He hastily drew up his chair, opened a book, pored over it for half an hour, then shut it with a bang and went to bed.

Coming in late to dinner a few days after, he found, lying at his plate, a little blue envelope. He picked it up quickly, glanced at the writing, then dropped it into his pocket.

"Why don't you open it, Jack? We haven't any scruples against letter reading at the table."

"Hope she's well."

"How'd she stand the trip?"

"Please pass the butter," said Jack.

"Please change the subject," mimicked the boy opposite, but meeting Jack's eyes he suddenly decided to follow his own advice, and went back to the absorbing discussion of the football prospects for the year.

As soon as dinner was over Jack ran to his room and with a hurried, eager movement tore open the letter.

"Dearest Chum," it began. Jack's face flushed scarlet. He turned it over again to make sure of the signature. "Mildred." Yes, it was from Mildred Wright, and with a pleasant but puzzled expression he read:

"Dearest Chum: I have been here for two days now, and I am having just the best time imaginable. Julia, my cousin, is so sweet and attractive, and the young men are all fine. What do you think, at the dance given for me I had my program so full on both sides that you could not have written another name. Everybody calls me the little Western girl.

"Julia and I have the best times together. We went shopping yesterday and I felt as if I had dropped into a new world. You know this is the first visit I have ever made to St. Louis. The little newsboys are so interesting and the stores are so beautiful. I was so absorbed in the window displays that I ran into a great, burly policeman once and nearly knocked him over.

"By the way, did you ever meet Jack Randolph, one of the university boys at home? While I was shopping, I met a man that looked so much like Jack that he made me think of him. You must know Jack some day. He is just the best fellow imaginable; you can't help liking him, he has such an agreeable, fascinating way about him, and is withal so generous and manly. But if you knew him, you would also see how he falls short of his possibilities. The only thing he seems really to care about is football. Of course, that's very fine, and we're proud of him for it, but that alone won't make a man of him, you know. He's taking the civil engineering course, not because he likes it particularly, but because he couldn't think of anything better, he says. I don't think it ever entered his head that it might be a good thing for him to put what he has learned into practical use. If he would only try to be the man he could make of himself, he would be splendid. If he were such a man, well—

"I see I have forgotten myself and gone off on a tangent about Jack, a subject in which you cannot be greatly interested. Forgive me this time and I shall promise to do better next. I have so much that I want to tell you about, Nell, but I shall have to wait till my next letter, as Julia says I must stop and get dressed for dinner. Give my love to your mother, and write just when you find time to "Your own,

"MILDRED."

When he came to the word "Nell" he realized what he must have known before, if, he had stopped to think, that Mildred had gotten her letters mixed, had sent him the one meant for her girl friend, Nell. As he read the last word he let the letter fall to the floor and stood immovable.

He was aroused at last by a knock at the door. Hearing no answer the visitor rather unceremoniously announced himself with "Come in," and opened the door. Jack stooped quickly, picked up his letter and slipped it into his pocket.

"It's time for class, Jack; have you forgotten? Why, what in thunder makes you look so sober, anything wrong?" said Ted, Jack's favorite fraternity brother.

"Did I look sober?" laughed Jack. "I must have been thinking how sad Professor Steele looked this morning when I couldn't tell him how much of the fiber stress of a chord bar of his was due to its own weight. Come on; I'm ready," as he caught up his hat and threw his arm affectionately around Ted's shoulders.

He tried to forget the letter in his football practice and in a game of cards with the boys that evening, but he couldn't. Mildred's eyes seemed to follow him reproachfully. He threw down his cards at last and went to his room. The next day he surprised all his instructors, and himself most of all, by making really good recitations; not his usual half-hearted kind. He went home well pleased with himself and decided that he believed he would be the man that Mildred had pictured for him. He had yet to realize the terrible hold that habits of long standing will get upon a man. He devoted himself to his studies industriously for a whole week, and he began to think that he had himself pretty well under control in his new mode of living. The boys looked after him as if he had been seized with some terrible malady, and even threatened to send for a doctor. In fact, Jack didn't know what to make of himself in his new regime.

However, Jack's nerves could not stand such a strain for a great length of time, and at the end of the week he felt that he could not live through another day of it. He threw down his books, spent the afternoon in the open air, and went to the theater in the evening. The next noon he trudged home with a very disgusted expression on his face; he had gone back to his usual round of half-flunks. He was so weak, he said to himself, that he couldn't stick to his own vow a whole week. He read Mildred's letter several times and with a new courage declared that he could and would be that man Mildred had thought him capable of becoming. He went to work this time with a fuller realization of what it meant, and with a determination to guard against any such back-sliding in the future. There has henceforth to be no such word as "give up" in his vocabulary, he told himself, and he meant it.

That night the boys were somewhat surprised to see a little, blue envelope, with Jack's name and address, pinned to the wall close behind his desk.

"Whatcheu got, Jack; a penny box for Sunday-school?" as they eyed it curiously.

"Oh, that is my talisman," he answered, laughingly; and not another word could they get out of him.

Mildred had come home after a few weeks. She was, if possible, more womanly, more lovable than ever. She had received him in the same friendly, cordial manner; she evidently had never discovered her mistake, and he could not tell her. He did not see so much of her as he would have liked, but he always restrained himself with the thought that the less he saw of her now, the more there was of enjoying her company in the future—perhaps, dare he hope it, for all time.

That year had passed and the next was drawing to a close. Jack had worked hard and faithfully; not that he did not have many a hard struggle, not that he did not many a time declare it was no use, he couldn't do it; "he was too old a dog to learn new tricks," he would tell himself; but the sight of the blue envelope on the wall, the thought of the work he had done, of the few months left in which to prove himself, all put new energy into him. He felt very thankful for that missent, little letter, which had come to him so strangely as a sort of a Godsend. He often wondered if he were not reading too much into Mildred's words, but his hopes were up; he could not let them fall. Many a time he longed to tell her all about it, but he had managed to keep his secret. He had determined that as soon as his work was over and he had done his best to make a man of himself, he would go to Mildred and make her finish for him the last sentence of her letter. "If he were such a man, well—" Those words rang in his ears. Well—what would she do? How would she finish it? He could hardly wait for the time to come.

At last the examinations were over; his professors all assured him that his work was creditable, and with their assistance he had obtained a position with an eastern railroad, a position that fulfilled his most sanguine hopes.

* * * * * * * * *

They were at the Commencement dance, he and Mildred. There was not one trouble or worried line of expression on his face; he looked as if he thought his was a laughing, singing, throbbing life of joy, which he was enjoying to his finger tips, because—well, because of something he might have told you, and perhaps Mildred could have, too. He beamed on all alike, strangers and old acquaintances, it made no difference. As they strolled out of the ball-room into the parlor between dances he thought of that blue envelope pinned to the wall.

"Mildred," he said, "could you guess what first put it into my head to try and make a man of myself?"

"No," she said, with a shake of her head. "I couldn't possibly," but, as she said it, a quaint, knowing smile crept into her face.

"Don't you want to know?" he asked, after a few moments, with the slightest tinge of disappointment in his tone.

"Oh, yes; do tell me."

"Well, I found at my plate one day the dearest little letter which was addressed to me, but was not meant for me at all. However, I had the

audacity to read it all through and, strange to say, it showed me just what I was, and just what I ought to be. It has ever since guided and helped me to realize the few possibilities I have. Without it I should surely have failed. You meant it for your friend, Nell, whom I have so often heard you speak of, but, lucky little letter, it came to me instead. That letter and I are the closest of friends now, and I shall never part with it."

"And to think what that missent letter has done for us," added Mildred; but Jack was too busy dreaming to notice the queer little accent she gave to the word "missent."

—"Van."

DEAR OLD BOULDER

All hail to thee, dear U. of C.,
We'll sing wherever we may be,
In victory or in defeat
We love thy cherished name to greet.
As round thy walks in twos or threes
We shout abroad our songs and glees,
Come, comrades, take your stand, shoulder to shoulder,
And raise the watch cry of dear old Boulder.

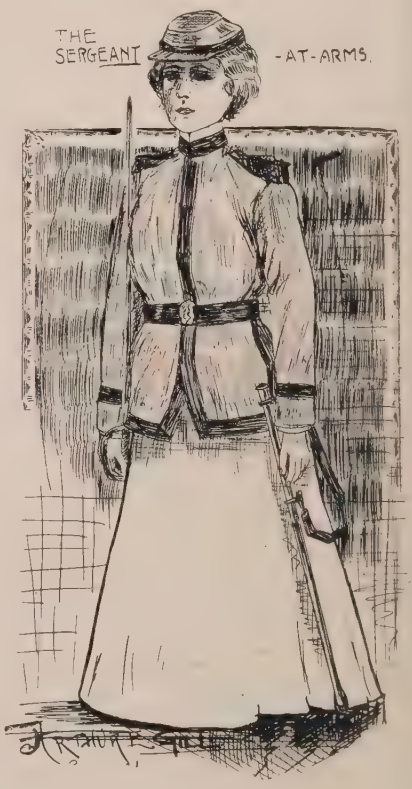
When struggling on the football field
Our team, o'ercome, begin to yield,
We'll gather round thy standards then
And make the mountains ring again.
Till valiant hearts that struggle there
Hearing our message on the air,
Are soon inspired with Boulder sand
And press the foemen back on every hand.

All honor, glory, love to thee,
Our Alma Mater, U. of C.,
How kindly do you glide us on,
Till college years are quickly gone;
And we, endowed with all thy grace,
In the world must take our place.
But as alumnae, shoulder to shoulder,
Still shall we raise the shout of dear old Boulder.

—P. H. Argall.

THE NEW WOMEN'S CONGRESS

WELL, Moike, me son, Oi 'av 'ad mony pleasant times durin' the lhast year, but, be gobs, the bist wan av all was the night the deer girrls give their show in the Gym. Faith, it was a grate undertakin'. Me frind 4 Sphot wuz worn that thin that Oi could look roight throo 'im, an' that with tryin' to make them girrls act loike rale actresses on the stage. Anyway, on the evenin' av the performance Oi pit on me steel-pen coat and a clean shirrt and meandered over to the Gym. Mesilf, being a prominent mon, wuz elected fer to collect the tickets, an' so, av coarse, it wuz no more than roight that Oi should dhress up a bit; so, after a wee bit, the people wer assembled an' the show comminced. First come the Sargint av Arrums an' examined the Sinnit carefully to see av there wer ony min loofing around. On being assured that no mon had the sand to intrude on their deliberations, the famale Sinnators was allowed to come in. Whirra! whirra! but they were a terrbile-looking lot of Sinnators, Moike; they were a hard lot for fair. But the Sinnator from Injyianna wuz far away the worst looking. She looked as if she had done time on the island and made her escape in a fat farmer's trousseau. The Sinnator from New York was Oirish, be gorra, and it's proud av her Oi'd av



bin, only fer her bein' a woman. Faith, Oi thought an Oirish woman wud av 'ad since enough fer to have staid at home and minded the kids. But she done her part. There wuz naygurs, and Dutch and Oi rather suspect they wuz Swedes, and Oi do know there wuz one Chinaman; no, be gobs, it wuz a China-woman. But the great sensation av the evenin', avick, wuz the spicktacular appear-ance av me old college chump, Close-Pin Rube, wid the divil of a thing on him but a lace curtain and some paint; my, but he's the boy for a ruction. The "fonygraft," as the fellers call Ikey, wuz also in ividince as the husband of the 6x4 Sinnitor from Colo-rado. Faith, Ikey tought the whole show cintered an him. Well, well, it was a great success, an' Oi'm jealous of nobody for the

way they done their part. Av Oi had been a few younger, mesilf, Oi might av been on, not anything hard, ye understand, just come an in the

third act with a spear or something. The Sinnitor from Texas created such a large excitement, a shootin' at a rat, that anither wan fainted (a Sinnitor, I mean, not a rat), and Rube fanned her into life again with the slack av his skirt. The Texan shot a rat with a 44 double-actin' Colt, an' instid of a grease sphot, had a whole

rat left. Av the dancin' afterwards, I prefer to say nothin', only it wuz no good. Ye had to go round the room by the single process av steppin' from wan person's fut to anither wan's, but some people had a good time at it. In fact, as me frind, the editor av the S. & G., said, "a good toime wuz had by all prisint!"

—P. H. A.

COLORADO.

I'm a child of the West, with its hurry and rush,
With its dash and its din and its roar;
With its grit and its flint and its pioneer rush,
Its freedom and daring more.

I'm a child of the West, with its wind-swept floor,
Where the hurricane dashes in vain;
Where the rain finds sand on a sage-brush land,
And the coyotes howl in a daring band
And crowd at the rancher's door.

I'm a child of the West, where the buffalo grass
Springs back from the tread of steer;
Where thousands of cattle o'er numberless miles
Are grazing, unherded in pastures untilled,
While the blizzard is seeking the unknown wild
And hiding the mountain pass.

The wind sweeps over the sun-flowered plain,
And howls in the canyon's throat;
I'm a child of the West; I was nursed from the breast
Of the sandy plain, where the sun-flowers reign;
I was lulled to rest by the wind's deep breath.

—L. M. N. (IN S. AND G.)

IOWA.

Midst lakes and rivers gleaming bright, and plains with verdure rolling free,
The fruitful hand of toil brings forth the product of her husbandry;
The richest soil, the hardiest sons, the fairest river on her shores;
The proudest cities, weaving up the products of her garnered stores;
The rivers dotted now with boats, the land crossed o'er with bands of steel;
The grandest structures reared on earth—our homes—these form the commonweal, of Iowa.

—A. C. J.

OHIO.

With a personnel unimposing, state girded state of Buckeye fame,
Beautiful in land and outline, acknowledged by thy Indian name.
As the land is, so are the people, wise, industrious, happy, free,
Not bound up in state alone, but glorying in States Unity.
Products of thy deep, rich soil round the cycle of the earth,
Oil from thee illumines nations, in this land no fear of dearth.
All thy happy years of progress, recognition have received
By bestowment on thy sons, the highest office nations give.
Four times in thy queenly lap, never fearful of the trust,
Has the leadership of Union, unhesitatingly been thrust.
All these happy recollections, linked with joyous days of yore,
Makes one love the bonds of Union, which, in the world, is "more and more."

—W. C. A.

NORWAY.

Norway, the land of the midnight sun, our native land that we love for its beautiful scenery, its ruggedness, its traditions, the history it has made and the position it holds amongst the foremost nations of the world. Though small and poor, as regards wealth computed in dollars and cents, the Norsemen are rich in a sturdy character, in their folk lore, their literature and art. As sailors they are favorably known in every sea-port. Love for God, mother, mankind and country is handed down from generation to generation, is bred in the very marrow of our bones, is a component part of our better selves. Therefore, it is that with song in our hearts we sing the old national hymns, dear to the memory of our childhood, extolling the beauties of our fatherland and with equal fervor we, as American citizens, join in singing the beautiful national hymn of our adopted country, "My Country, 'Tis of Thee."

—R. J. G.

CALIFORNIA.

In the mystic glow of sunset where the purple clouds unfold,
And beyond, the bay and ocean, may be seen through gates of gold,
Standing on a green-clad hilltop, mid the golden poppies pride,
Thoughts may wing them farther northward, to Mount Shasta's snowy side;
Or throughout the sunny southland, midst the vines and orange groves,
Passing by the mighty red-woods and the sea shore's sands and coves,
East again o'er smiling grain fields, up the slopes where pine trees grow,
By the mill streams, and the gold runs, to the shores of blue Tahoe.
Westward then, but in that glory, California quite forgot,
Every thought is wafted upward where such beauty fadeth not.

—A. M. G.

MASSACHUSETTS.

My years date back to the pilgrims true;
And marked upon the Atlantic's sands,
My birthplace honored at Plymouth stands;
From my Berkshire line to the far Blue Hills,
I've heard the British trumpet shrill,
And later, when the Civil war came
Proud was I to share the pain.
My people are patriotic, straightforward and true,
Willing and ready their duty to do;
Away from my shores or even abroad,
They stand ready to serve me or my God.

—E. F. P.

RUSSIA.

Far across the broad Atlantic some eight thousand miles or more
Where the Baltic's rippling waters dash 'gainst Russia's sandy shore,
There midst waving pines and fir trees, I have spent my childhood's days.
But to me my Alma Mater, our dear darling U. of C.
Will forever have for me in the realm of memory
Days far happier than my childhood—days of gold and silver rays.

—B. G.

WYOMING.

To the north of Colorado lies her younger sister state.
She boasts not of the morrow, but her destiny is great.
In her mountains lie vast treasures, in her mines a wealth untold.
"The cattle on a thousand hills" are worth a mint of gold.
Yet she trusts not to her riches for the gold she hopes to gain;
It is to her youths and maidens—equal privileges to both—
That she looks for future greatness—may her hopes be not in vain.
May her loyal sons and daughters, where'er they shall be found,
In love for dear Wyoming ever joyfully abound.

—H. U.

CANADA.

In the land across the Great Lakes,
In the home of the Canadas,
Lived a youth of great ambition,
Who was skilled in reading Latin,
Far excelled the rest in fencing.
So he left his Alma Mater,

Bade good-bye to old Toronto,
Took his foil and Ovid with him,
Went across the Big Sea Water
To the land of the Chicagoes.
But his heart was filled with longing
For the land of handsome women.
So he traveled to the westward
To the U. of Colorado,
To the mighty chieftain "Prexy."
There was made a prof. in Latin,
And the Dean of all the college.
Greater he than all the others,
Mightier than the warriors Ayer,
He who fights with deadly rubbers,
Or than laughing "Cyko." Allen,
He the marvellous story teller.
Greater than the graceful Fordyce
Who can dance the ballet dances.
Far more subtle than Ramaley
Who can win the smiles of women.
Even greater he than "Pesky,"
With his wonderous gift of joshing.
Great indeed are the Canadas
To produce such crafty warriors.

—W. C. S.

ILLINOIS.

Thy sons and daughters sing thy praise,
In loyal song their voices raise;
To Thou, O, Noble Illinois,
We pledge our love with grateful joy.
Thy sons will ever faithful be,
Thy daughters ever true to thee,
Through all the years to be,
Dear Illinois.
Dear Motherland, Canst Thou not trace
In us thy lines in simple grace?
Thy children we, for woe or weal;
Impart thy blessing as we kneel;
Grant us the look of thy loved face,
Dear Illinois.

—Van.

INDIANA.

Land of bright sunshine, land of the gay,
Land where the flowers grow by the way;
Fair are thy woodlands, green are thy hills,
Bright are thy waters, dancing in rills.
O, Indiana! Dear Indiana!
Fair are thy maidens, jolly and free,
Over thy meadows tripping with glee.
They are our glory, they are our pride,
They are the fairest of all the world wide.
In Indiana! Dear Indiana!

—H. A. C.

ALABAMA.

If the modest violets that hide along thy sunny streams
Have a soul that soul's unsullied purity, and it seems
Yea, I know, that when the violets die that soul doth go,
Angel keeper, into the hearts of thy maidens, and so
Finds eternity.

If the mocking birds that sing among thy dreamy vales
Have a soul, that soul's perfected melody, and when fails
The glad, glad life of this sweet bird, I know that soul doth flit,
Not changed a bit, into the throats of thy maidens, and it
Finds eternity.

If the silent stars that gaze down from thy October sky
Have a soul, that soul's enchanted light, and when they hie
Away to death in space that soul doth live again, I swear,
Lovelier still, in the strange sweet eyes of thy maidens, and there
Finds eternity.

—Ben F. Bryan.

LOUISIANA.

Where the skies are ever blue,
And a maiden's heart is true,
Where life's song is tranquil as a happy dream:

Where the cotton and the cane
Laughs and nods in sun or rain,
"And the mist is on the rice fields" by the stream:

Where bayous cool and deep,
Glide gently lest the sleep
Of dreamy Nature should be wakened by their song:

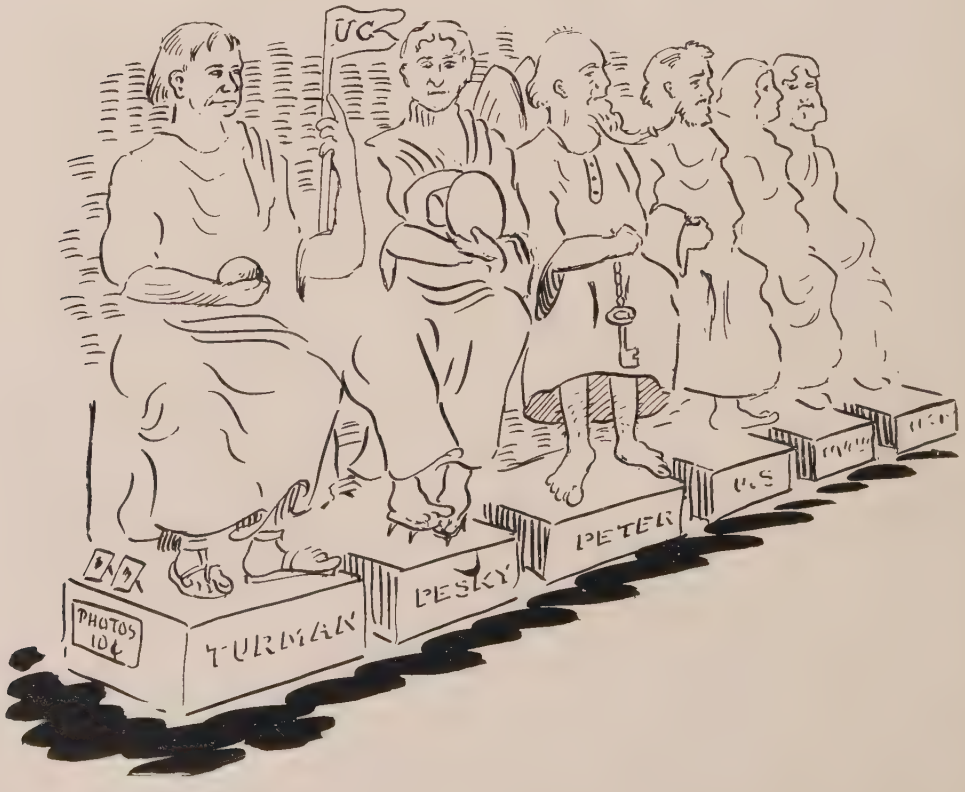
Where the trees are moss-endraped
And majestically shaped,
And are wooed by Gulf-born zephyrs all day long.

University Dance Committee,
W. L. Turman, H. S. Thayer, Henry Fulton, Jr.

ELYSIUM UP-TO-DATE

One bright moonlight night a small party of students decided to behold the rugged beauties of the adjacent Rockies in all the fantastic grace and "strange, wild glamour" imparted to them by Luna's silvery rays. They started up Flagstaff with expectant hearts and loud expressions of admiration; reached the summit after an hour's vigorous climbing, looked around upon the expanse of earth, sky and snow-clad range, recited "I am monarch of all I survey," and other appropriate quotations from the Koran, inspired by the sublimity of their point of view and their outlook; and then what did some one propose to do but to explore a deep, mysterious cave, whose entrance had been pointed out to him some time before. Contrary to all the laws of probability, and very much as motions are carried in chapel in the U. of C., his suggestions prevailed. Into the cave, into the very precipitate from the combination of darkness and night, into the squintessence of invisibleness and Egyptian midnight blackness, they went. Now, these adventurers were doomed to happen upon some mishaps, especially that one of their number belonging to the species, Freshman. This cave happens to possess several different corridors, and this last-named irresponsible got lost in one of these corridors alone, and was finally deserted by his companions. Wearied and bruised from trying to grope his way out, and terror-stricken at the thought of his situation, he finally lay down and a deep sleep fell upon him.

Suddenly the unseen powers of dream magic began to play about him. He was descending a steep boulder-strewn path leading far to-

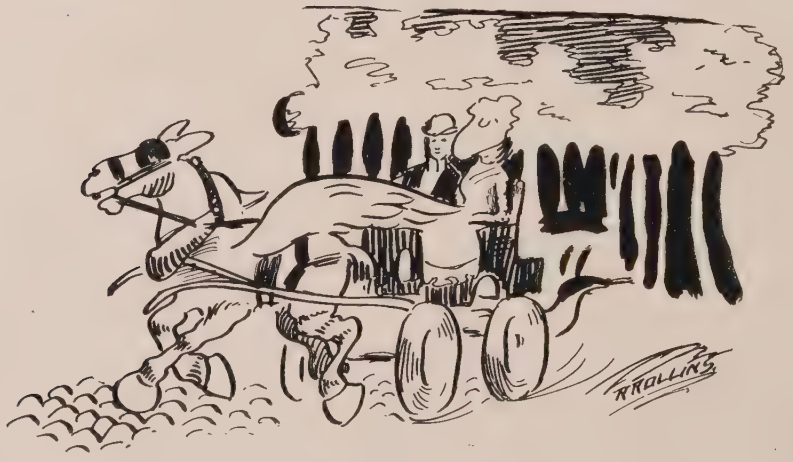


wards the center of the earth. As he, after hours of swift descent, came nearer the end, a round but ever-increasing point of light gleamed far below and ahead. When he had traveled a number of hours longer he came close enough to see an opening large enough to creep through. Above the opening were carved in stone, in Greek letters, what he after learned was the name of the region, "Elysium." He entered, finding that a soft, mellow light, similar to that of a partially eclipsed sun, filled a seemingly limitless open space, in which were many moving, living beings, some of which he recognized. A guard took him by the arm and started to show him the place and the inhabitants. There was an air of freedom from care in the place, and everything spoke of luxurious idleness, with still an indefinable atmosphere of gloom and unsubstantialness about it all. Upon an elevated place at one side, where the air was

even purer, the wine more delicious, and the music more enchanting, were august-looking personages whom the guard told him were U. S. Grant, Savonarola, Socrates, St. Peter, W. L. Turman and Pesky Garwood. Homer and Julius Caesar were trying to get the latter two to give up their places to them, but they couldn't see it that way. The guard told the Freshie if he had come a little sooner he might have seen Pesky giving Sampson, Hercules, Hector and Achilles a few points on physical development and managing things; and Turman trying to teach Apollo and Orpheus to sing "We want more lager beer," but there wouldn't be another performance until to-morrow at chapel time. Then the guard took him on a little farther, and the Freshie was delighted to see the familiar face of Prof. Norlin. He had a golf club over his shoulder and seemed to be enjoying a game with Hellems, but complained bitterly that David and Goliath kept swiping their golf balls to use in their slings, and he had to carry his own caddy to keep Philoctetes from

pinching it for a quiver. The Freshie went on a little farther, to where Dr. Hellems was preparing to make a drive. The Dean smiled and said he fancied he had played on better links, but that he begged his pardon for the interruption, and hoped he would be forgiven for suggesting that the Freshie had better see Taylor and arrange for 10 hours' English before he went any farther. The Freshie meekly asked the guard to take him to Taylor, but the guard informed him that all the asbestos overcoats were in use at present. The Freshie asked how Norlin came by his death and happened to be down there, and learned that Williams knew his Greek

lesson twice in succession and Norlin died from nervous prostration. Going on a little farther, he saw Dr. Brackett taking a life-sized photo-



graph of Homer to put in the catalogue. He had some great blue prints of Paris and Helen, too; and said that he was making lantern slides of

all the heroes of the Iliad who were down there. While he was talking to Dr. Brackett, Harry Varrell and Kit Rothwell came flying up with old Pegasus hitched to a rubber-tired rig. The Freshie asked how they happened to meet their death, and the guard said he wasn't sure, but there was a rumor that while on earth they had fits, and came down there to get rid of him—er—it—er—I mean them. Prof. Ramaley was there, but although the Freshie used to be in one of his classes and now passed right in front of him, his chin was in the way and he didn't see him. The guard by this time noticed the Freshie's familiarity with this class of intellectual people and asked if he would like to see more of them. The Freshie thought he might as well see all there was to see, so answered yes. Dr. Ayer was the next shade they met. He was having a long talk with Orpheus and Mozart, and telling them what a warm thing they had missed by leaving the earth before the publication of a soul-ravishing symphony in the key of G whizz, entitled "Just because she made dem goo goo eyes." Orpheus and Mozart both looked awfully disappointed. Orpheus bit his lip, and the Freshie thought he heard him say "that if he had only known some such song as that he might have again taken fresh courage and his mandolin, and once more might have asked of old Pluto, "Where in h—— is my wife?"

Prof. DeLong was having a discussion with Euclid on the binomial theory, which made Euclid open his eyes, but just then he happened to see Emperor Vespasian. He hustled over to where he was and began telling him what a cinch it would have been to rebuild Rome after Nero made a bonfire of it if they had only been so lucky as to possess the Boulder Building and Loan Association. Vespasian also cursed his fate and rent his toga. Prof. Murphy was having a very edifying chat with Solon and Peisistratus, but every little while they had to send for Norlin to act as interpreter. If the latter happened to be playing golf, though, he sent Gertrude Upton instead. This made old Solon rather huffy, whereupon Murf. told him all about Colorado having women's rights, etc. Then Solon used some language that wasn't becoming in Elysium and went off to console himself pitching quoits with Pericles.

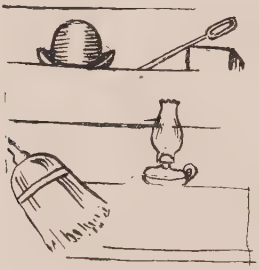
* * * * * * * *

A kindly Providence watches over drunkards, infants, fools and Freshmen, so that, of course, he got out of the cave all right, but the next day he passed those Profs., now weirdly familiar, with a feeling in which incredulity was mingled with a secret understanding.

Life's hour glass shifts a mingled stream of sands,
Some grains are formed of pure, clear-gleaming gold,
They catch the brightest rays of life's refracted beam,
And mingle with life's bitter, sweets untold.

The greater number though, are bits of clay,
Sad lightless grains of unresponsive gloom;
They send, instead of youth's glad song of joy,
Drear, melancholy dirge-notes o'er hope's tomb.

The Mice Will Play



When the Cat's Away

A REACTION

Awful teachers had a meeting,
Awful girls were left alone,
And they meant to be so proper,
Just sit still, and bone, and bone.

Pretty eyes at length grew sleepy—
Still the matron didn't come—
Too much study isn't wholesome,
What a chance to make things hum!

"Haven't breathed for years and ages,
Haven't laughed for such a while,
Let's turn things all topsy-turvy,
Furnish up in proper style."

Challenge from the upper landing,
"Done," the answer from below.
In the lead came cushions flying,
Then the books began to go.

Then old shoes and feather dusters,
Hats and curlers—what is that?
Scuttles hurled from top to bottom—
Wildly flies the cottage cat.

They await their punctual matron,
And they plan in heartless glee,
How with one wild scream they'll meet her,
And how very shocked she'll be.

Hours lengthened, they grow weary,
Still their victim comes not there;
Midnight finds the culprits
Calmly seated on the stair.

ECHO FROM A CHAPEL TALK

As I was sitting in chapel, I heard old Prexy say,
Quit walking on the campus at ten-thirty every day.
It isn't quite the proper thing, it don't seem very nice,
To see co-education turn into cutting ice.

Chorus:
And then I laughed ha, ha, ha, ha, I couldn't keep from laughing
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, and laughed ha, ha, ha, ha.

Now don't appear in sweaters at Cottage No. 1,
Take care to be conventional when calling on your "hun;"
Quit smoking snipes upon the steps and riding on the walk,
Don't spit in Crandall's pocket or you'll find yourself in hock.

Chorus:
And then I laughed ha, ha, ha, ha, I couldn't keep from laughing
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, and laughed ha, ha, ha, ha.

—"Peg."

DAD'S DIARY

(Selected.)

Feb. 23.—Got a letter from John to-day, up at Boulder. Wants me to come up and visit school with him a week. That ought to be a great place to study human nature. Guess I'll go. Xenophon, our bull calf, busted into the turnip bin this morning. Liked to killed himself. Mari churned two pounds of butter off of that Jersey cow I bought of Si Hackley out of one day's cream. Jerseys do beat all.

Feb. 27.—Got into Boulder this morning at 8:30. John met me at the platform. I got off the wrong side of the train, of course, and the first thing I saw was a short, round chap, with a red Roman nose and a pronounced Grecian bend. (John says it isn't a Grecian bend, but a "visceral hump." Looks like a skim-milk yearling, anyway.) It was Tank Argall coming in from breakfast. We stepped into the Dorm. long enough to shake off a few cinders, and then went to chapel. Chapel always meant something sanctified to me, but I'm way behind. No sooner had I taken a seat among the Liberal Arts scholars, than them lawyer fellers hollered out in unison, "It would accommodate the management very much if the lady would remove her hat." John said I better take off my hat. Some Freshman might take it for the gallery and set down on it. Them Freshmen must be regular jays. There was a fellow sat right in front of me that attracted my attention when he come in, because his legs reminded me of an animated wish-bone, and when he came to sing, he went into it like an Indian into a war-dance—throttle wide open and cinch three holes to the good. Dad is sure a singer. After chapel John introduced about forty fellows to me out on the south steps. They had lots of fun joshing me about alfalfa and carrots, and there was so many of them that I forgot most of the names. One gent I saw, though, coming over from the Hale building, and I asked John, "Who's that chap with the snow-shoes on?" A minute later John introduced him as "His Royal Altitude," Mr. Johnson, and I was reminded of an old saying, to wit: "The safety of the spire lies not

so much in the thinness of the top as in the solidity of the bottom." Stayed abed in John's room all afternoon because my corns hurt like thunder. John says I better tap the bar'l and buy some patent leathers and a 'varsity cap, and then I won't be so conspicuous. Well, maybe so, but if fashion makes fools by the score, it makes apes by the million, b'gosh, and my first splurge will be to fill up the "company jar" with real tobacco, instead of John's 2c-a-bushel "Flat-Dutch" mixture. I'm going to turn in.

Feb. 28.—About 12 o'clock last night I heard a big hullaballoo outside of my door, and got up to see who was killed. There was a pocket-edition of humanity in "evening dress" standing there, who said in an awe-struck whisper, "Say, Uncle Joshaway, Xenophon is in the turnips again," and then scud. I crawled back into bed, wondering who the joke was on, and finally figured out that I had told Ikey all about the calf business, thinking it might interest small fry. John took me over to Chemistry this morning, and I had a fine time. Took a lecture about a sea-sick sugar and the omnivorous, omnipotent oxygen tangled up with the only, common, solid, active, acid, anhydride known. After class I got to conversing with a rather oldish gent, who looked like a temperance lecturer on a short vacation. He said he was a great "ortor." "Ortory" was his sleeve ace, but he had been played dirt in the local and was going to commit suicide with a pair of 45-90 rim-fire crap-dice (loaded). I inquired around a little and found out the trouble. He came out of the local second to none in his own opinion, and next to nothing in the judges' opinion, so he was going to die by his own hand and leave his brilliant future behind him. John says Rusty will never leave anything behind him but the odor of tobacco, so it might not pay him to die. The judges said his oration sounded like he had written it himself.

March 1.—Met a chap to-day who reminded me of home and buttermilk. Regular hay-hand named George Carlson. I'll bet he'd hate to get into a dress-suit as bad as I would into a law-suit. But after he has dwindled to a tradition the 'Varsity will have to get another plunger at tackle. George went on and a portly gent with a walk like a dyspeptic bedbug came perambulating down from the Main. It was Jumpin' J. Brown, of Dublin, reciting softly:

"Take up the fat man's burden,
A hundred in the shade,
Two hundred pounds of avoirdupois
To soak in lemonade."

Brown is a funny fellow. He told me that the rocky road to his native city was so rough that the snakes had to get half-soled every three weeks.

March 2.—Met the proprietor of the whole limburger to-day. He is running the universe, the University and the Standard Oil Company; Pesky's three-ring hippodrome. They say that oral effort is like a water-jet; it loses force by issuing from too large an orifice. If so I'd like to hear Pesky laugh through an ordinary-sized mouthpiece. Struck a gent this afternoon that is like my old hat, b'gosh; always blowing off. He has no head. His cerebral bump hasn't come to a head yet, and if it ever does I doubt his ability to distinguish Scott's Emulsion from Scott's Marmion. I tell you when you have to deal with a chap like this here Pursey, it brings to mind the old truth, i. e., there is no help for the weak; you can restrain the bold, guide the impetuous, and encourage the timid; but you can't stand a wet string on end.

March 3.—Met Handsome T. Parlin to-day. Whatever made his folks name him Hansom for I can't see. Says he, "It's a beautiful day, isn't it?" Says I, "Yes. Regler jo-pete," and he looked as pained as if I had boxed his ears. I found out later that he thought that slang was "howidly wude." We had a good time with Dier to-day. He went home Friday night. While he was gone a handsome sofa-pillow came up marked for J. Q. Dier. We opened it up, hid the wrappings and debated what to do. Finally it was decided to let the pillow pass as Fowler's when Dier showed up, which was done accordingly. It was an elegant affair, all silver and gold, with a "U. of C." worked in silk on the show side, with one of those football poster fellows worked in, biasin. Dier came in this evening and spied the cushion first thing. "Hello," says he, taking a good deal for granted; "where'd you get the sofa-pillow, Fowler?" "Oh! a girl sent it up," rejoined Fowler, in a tone implying "Shut up and mind your own business!" "Well, sir," says Dier, "just look at that U. Looks like a horse-shoe, and that C is the image of a new moon. I wouldn't have such a punk old sofa-pillow," and he slammed out to go to church. Then we went down and put all the first-floor boys next, and after Dier had got back they came up one at a time to fire it into Fowler about his new sofa-pillow. Dier joined heartily in the josh in each instance, and helped each newcomer to land on the pillow in some new defect. Fowler stood it all, but winced hard every time. Dier was elated and ransacked his brain to find other jibes with which to attack his eternal opponent. Finally the boys moved that the ugly old thing be removed from the place of honor on the bookcase and placed on

the window-seat to be sat upon and scorned of men. This motion carried by an enormous majority, Dier voting for and Fowler voting against. Then Dier says: "Say, Fowler, from here that pillow looks all yellow and white just like a mess of scrambled eggs. I'll bet it was a cross-eyed old maid that got it up." This was too much. Fowler informed Dier that it was his pillow, and produced the wrapper in corroboration of his statements. Dier's jaw snapped shut like a No. 4 beaver trap, and it hadn't budged yet when we went to press at 9:30. How real is life!

March 4.—A gent with a countenance like that of a blooded bull-pup put by the Dorm. to-day, and stopped to talk into the window to one of our neighbors. I never heard such a stream of universally applicable automatically adjustable cuss-words as that which issued from his growling box. The boys didn't appear to think much of it, though. They said that Buck always talked like that when he got away from home, where he could talk at all. And I concluded from that, that Buck and Law were in the same class; had both gone over to the silent majority. Had another pillow experience to-day. There is a fellow here who has been christened "Prince of Wales" on account of certain divers ways of his. He rooms up in the top floor and runs his old typewriter all times of day and night, so that you can't get a wink of sleep to save you, and consequently the boys are down on him some. Further, this Adams is a great lover of the artistic sofa-pillow, and he is always trying to get his latest girl to make him another with a hand-painted football picture frame on it, and so on, so one day the boys took it on themselves to fulfill his heart's desire. After much mental and manual labor, a fitting product was evolved, and one of the plotters took the pillow down to Denver and sent it back so that H. R. H. would have the express charges to pay. This morning Adams got his package, which from shape and size was evidently a sofa-pillow, and with heaving bosom and the happiness born of realization he bore the trophy up to his room. The removal of the wrapping paper disclosed a dirty, ragged, bed-ticking pillow, with a football outlined in black thereon. Inside the football, which represented a picture frame, was a half-tone portrait of Miss Susan B. Anthony, and the upholstering of low-grade excelsior shed a faint but unmistakable odor of deceased feline. Since then Adams has looked more dejected and toed in even worse.

March 5.—Charley Lory came around to get me into working forty hours on the race track. I have got enough to do without that, working on this human nature study; I'll have enough to write a book before I get

through. And while I am on Lory let me say that when Diogenes and his tallow-dip come round on that old search of theirs, they can stop. When they get Lory they've got a man. Went over to glee club practice to-day and met Hatton, a very worldly-appearing young man, who acts as though he thought he had traveled. But he is off, way off, worse off than Jason of old ever was, for there is a certain bewitching tangle of golden fleece around these parts which attracts him strongly—sort of a "capillary attraction," so to speak—just as of yore the unwary mariner was fleeced by the Lorelei while "Ruhig fleeced der Rhine."

LUDUS DUOBUS BONUS.

CUPIDO IN NOBIS

Did you ever think your lifetime
In a prosy age was cast,
And the glitter and the glamour
Of the Golden Age is past?
Do you fancy Cupid never
In man's garb comes strolling by,
Or by favored eyes is noted
In his flight along the sky?
Walk with me across the golf links
When the shades begin to fall,
Hear the voices of the players
As they to each other call.
Yonder see one, brighter, gayer,
Somewhat smaller than the rest;
Nothing would arouse suspicion,
He's but neat and plainly dressed;
But now note his noble forehead,
Clear blue eyes and upward glance.
See upon his back the quiver;
In it, too, the arrows dance.
Who is this but our own Cupid?
Who with him but Psyche, dear?
Oh, I know what you are saying,
And I do not wish to hear.
You must grant him, god of Latin,
God of Greek—no common man.
But he can't be charming Eros?
Ask his Psyche if he can.

EPILOGUE.

(For the dull or uninitiated.)

After all he's only mortal,
And his quiver holds golf sticks.
But with him and his companion
Fancy has been playing tricks.

AN EVENING IN DUDLEY HALL

It was the week of examinations and everyone had been studying all day and expected to study all night, so a little before six we gathered for a few moments' recreation in the music room and listened to B—— recite the "Spanish Cavalier with appropriate gestures and a musical accompaniment." This latter was furnished by a mandolin, and K—— who had taken lessons on the piano for six weeks. The tired look began to disappear from the eyes of the audience and an expression more at peace with the world to come over their faces as B——, with hair awry and fierce, black moustache, started vigorously "off for the wars;" pronounced the "blessings of my country and you, dear," with an expression copied from the Mater Dolorosa, and fell at last upon the battle field amid a terrific crash from the orchestra and great scattering and shrieking on the part of the audience, as violent death-scenes are somewhat dangerous in crowded quarters.

Just then the triangle rang and we all hurried down to dinner—hungry as wolves. We were scarcely seated, however, when B—— came hurrying over to our table to invite T—— to be her second in a duel that was to take place that evening in the reception room at ten o'clock. It seems there had been a point of honor between B—— and the orchestra and the affair was to be settled at that uncanny hour and place.

Of course, we were much disturbed, but our appetite did not seem to be, and by time for dessert we had almost forgotten the quarrel. What we saw when he reached the supper hall did not tend to remind us of it, either.

H—— and N—— had gone into C——'s room and "swiped" her "goo" and the picture of a "friend." C—— now had them locked up in their room, while she and M——, with arms folded and expressions of supreme superiority, were hopping energetically up and down before the door, keeping time with their feet. At the same time they sang to the captives the pleasures missed, reception rooms taken and company sent away. Talk about Tantalus and Sisyphus! Groans and bangs proceeded from within—then laughter. A faint, sweet odor of "goo" was wafted over the transom. C—— softened and began to parley through the key-hole.

"Won't you ever take my Billy any more?"

"Never," in penitent voices from within.

"Won't you ever use my 'goo', nor wear my gloves, nor tear up my room, nor——"

"Never, never! We'll be perfect angels! Only let us out this once."

The key was just slipping into the lock when a most unexpected event occurred. A gallant knight had heard of the damsels in distress and suddenly made his appearance around the corner of the hall, accompanied by the matron. A moment later he left a quiet and deserted scene behind him with a feeling of precipitation about his exit quite unusual for one of such "clerical" habits, and a vague, confused echo of feminine shrieks and flying garments in his ears.

After this little episode all felt in a fitting frame of mind for deep thought, and for as much as two hours scarcely a sound was heard in the cottage.

About ten o'clock, however, a certain, well-known, delicious odor seemed to rise up from somewhere and come through cracks and keyholes till it filled with tantalizing fragrance a room where sat two hungry "bunkies." It was unbearable—flunk or no flunk—it was not right for any poor, deluded creature to waste her time or try to down her apprehensions during examination week by making fudges—especially with no one but herself to eat them—and the hungry bunkies rose as with one accord and sallied forth.

They never reached the fudges; just as they turned the corner of the hall they met the party on its way to the spot appointed for the duel.

There were three of them—one of the principals, his second and an attendant physician. All were dressed in mediaeval garb, displaying as many red and orange-colored rosettes as they could conveniently. All wore dark cloaks (mackintosh capes) loosely flung over one shoulder. The principal carried, in addition, a helmet and a huge shield with curiously wrought border. In the middle was the figure of a maiden, sitting in a balcony and looking languishingly at a pink rose in her lap. (Ignorant persons might have called this the lid to a trunk-tray.) For the honor and advancement of this noble lady, our knight was in the habit of doing battle and at this very time was suffering from a wound which caused him to limp terribly and awakened in the tender hearts of his spectators much sympathy, expressed from time to time by a smothered giggle. The helmet was a wire arrangement protecting only the eyes and buckling behind the head by means of a white band, slightly soiled, the end of which hung down in the back and added much to his already dignified appearance.

The second carried a "silver trumpet" ornamented with long, flowing, white and yellow ribbons, and strode solemnly along in advance, giving an occasional mournful toot upon the horn, thereby nearly convulsing the now increasing audience. The physician was more plainly arrayed as became his station, being clad entirely in black, except his shoes—the only noticeable feature. These were red, pointed at the top and trimmed with fur. In his hand he carried a small case (suit-case).

The stately company wound slowly down stairs and out into the tempestuous night. The place appointed was a gloomy wood (the reception room). As they approached the spot our friends became aware that they were not the first arrivals, for low voices rose and fell and shadowy forms moved about in the flickering light. The party approached in good order, but were entirely unnoticed by the other principal, Sir Florissant de Montabon, who stood motionless in Napoleonic attitude, entirely enveloped in a black mantle and with a three-cornered hat on his head. His second—a dapper little fellow, also in rosettes—and Sir Marmaduke de Montons, busied themselves over the swords. The choice was made at last and then only did Sir Florissant deign to withdraw his eyes from space. With furious gesture he flung his mantle back, threw his hat violently aside and put on a fencing mask. Seizing a sword he stood waiting like some fierce animal at bay. The engagement plainly meant death to one or the other, and it was only at the interference of Sir Marmaduke that the combatants were prevailed upon to shake hands. They did so at last, however, and in such a hearty manner that Lord Frederick Von Aue, being obliged to stand on one foot from his wound, nearly lost his balance, and the seconds were compelled to interfere. The distance was then paced; but just at this point it was discovered that Sir Florissant had no shield, while Lord Frederick had, and as Lord Frederick's was tied on with a hard knot it could not be removed. The physician, however, thought he detected something in Sir Florissant's portly figure that made him suspicious. An examination being made, it was discovered that the brave knight was well padded, and things being thus made equal, the duellists fell back. Sir Marmaduke gave three blasts from his trumpet and the antagonists closed upon each other after a manner never seen in duel before. Feet and hands kept time in a very lively jig, swords clashed and shrieks of laughter pealed from the audience, which, completely overcome, sat doubled upon the floor at the other end of the room. Both knights were mortally wounded in the end and in spite of all the ex-

ertions made by the physician with an atomizer and empty carbolic acid bottle, both breathed their last a few moments later.

Just then the door flew open and N——, who had been entertaining company in the other room, appeared. "What under the shining sun have you people been up to?" was the characteristic exclamation. "I was just saying to P——, 'Think of those poor girls up there plugging away all this blessed evening!' when that unearthly yelling commenced. He said it sounded like plugging and wanted to come in and see you at it, but I 'lowed as how you ladies was having a good time with yourselves and may be we hadn't better disturb you!"

—C. E. O.

Rest Room Scenes.

MUSIC AT COTTAGE NO 2

I know not how long I had been asleep nor of what I had been dreaming, but something awakened me suddenly and as I sat up and rubbed my eyes I heard the ending lines of that familiar song "Forsaken." Many times I heard the girls of our Cottage sing it, but why did it affect me so peculiarly this time? I sat awhile and listened, thinking if the girls had really been singing I would hear them going back to their rooms. But no sound greeted my ears except the regular breathing of my room-mate. I went to the door and opened it to find only darkness and silence without. Why, surely I was not dreaming, for I heard clearly that song. Seeing, however, there was nothing more to do, I went back to bed, but not to sleep. What had I heard? Hark—there it is again. They're singing it over. But how mournful their voices sound and how funny—their voices seem to come from below, instead of the usual place over the banister. Still, I could distinguish every girl's voice as clearly as though they were in the same room. Breathless, I listened, for never had the girls sung with such feeling; never had their voices blended so harmoniously. I dreaded the end. Oh, would that it might go on forever! But, no, already the end was—mercy! what was that? The bark of a dog outside my window, and that beautiful song was transformed into one tremendous me-ow, and I heard a scampering of many soft, padded feet underneath the floor. After that silence for the rest of the night.

—V. D.

A STUDY IN BLUE

Lives there in this broad land so fair,
A genuine student homo,
Who ne'er has sighed in grim despair,
And muttered CUI BONO?

Philip Fitzgerald was a man of impossible ideals. He adopted as his motto, "Never Be Satisfied; Never Be Discouraged," and while he faithfully kept the first half, this very faithfulness was often the cause of a sore temptation to violate the latter. He was a Junior in college and his personal ideal was the ideal student, at least, intellectually. Nothing short of absolute control of every atom of his energy, and the ability to hurl it continually at the work before him, could in the least satisfy his demands of himself. He met, however, a serious obstacle to the realization of his ideal in his almost irresistible fondness for aerial flights of fancy, impossible imaginations, and blissful reveries in which he lived over his happy past. The antagonism between his natural bent and his vigorous ideal made his life one never-ending struggle, from which he was often enticed into the lotus dells of fancy, where he forgot in a temporary oblivion his ambitions and iron-bound ideal. Then ruthlessly would he be awakened from his dream by a voice of severe self-condemnation.

On the afternoon of a bleak Monday, in the latter part of November, he stood on the north steps of a certain University building; the wind moaned with a soft wail of despair, and he paused there to drink in the gloom of sadness, for there was a kind of melancholy harmony between his own spirit and the graceless bare trees, the sigh of the chilling, mournful wind and the rustling of the dead leaves in a neglected corner by the steps.

He stood, thinking dreamily, while an ever-persistent voice was asking: "What then, what then? You made very ordinary recitations today; what then? You will likely get very ordinary marks at the end of the year, an ordinary diploma at the end of your course; what then? You may get some monotonous, ordinary employment which will enable you to exist; what then? You have a few ordinary friends, wear ordinary clothes, have ordinary health; well, what then? How far does all this carry you or drive you toward that rainbow country where your peculiar satisfaction can be found, your especial contentment entered into? What's the use of struggling day and night to get an ordinary education, in ordinary subjects, to prepare you to settle down for an ordinary existence? What good is it going to do you or any one else? CUI BONO?

It wasn't a very large room in the girl's cottage, but every bit of space was made as cozy and attractive as feminine genius could make it. One glance would convince even a man that it was the abode of college girls. Draperies and curtains galore, sofa cushions numberless, a few hair pins on the floor, but permeating everthing an indescribable

air of artistic nicety and womanly delicacy which is never seen in a man's room. Several weeks after the opening of this story, Grace Harvey and Bess Gray were talking about Xmas festivities and how they were to have their dresses made for the New Year's ball, when they saw Fitzgerald walking slowly across the campus toward his room, his eyes on the ground. Grace Harvey's interest in organdies, ribbons and dainty slippers suddenly vanished. "Bess, I wonder what has happened to that boy; there is some kind of a revolution going on in his life. I saw him standing on the north steps of the Main a few weeks ago, looking like despair itself, and he is not like he used to be at all." We must not listen any further to this conversation, which soon grew sacredly confidential. Much anxiety and apprehension was plainly visible on both girls' faces. We will turn again to Fitzgerald. Alas for him! He is alone with his own thoughts with a whole evening before him. It is Friday night, so the whole necessity of work is removed. Immediately the sky is covered by a great, bluish-black cloud of gloom, impenetrable to any ray of hope. The little current of his life, that once glided peacefully and dreamily through blooming meadows and past hillsides where the scent of summer was mingled with the faint tinkling of herd bells, now seemed to have hanging over it, like a pall, a sickly blue mist, into which it flowed, and everything became shrouded with gloom. Then he fell to dreaming of the burdenless days of his boyhood, before there was ever forced upon his realization the necessity of pursuing one unwavering aim to the goal of his ambition, and toiling over every mountain that stood in his way.

Those days seemed all to blend into one summer day, with a boat on a shady stream, gliding along noiselessly and without effort. The blossom-scented breath of the wood was an intimation of another world, and the song of his life was calm and heavenly as the strains of an Aeolian harp, mingled with moonlight. Then he roused himself, for high above the landscape of his vision he saw the recording angel putting the last lines to a page of golden writing at the top of which was written his name. The angel folded the sheet and wrote across the end "A reverie." Alas! thought he, my life is becoming more and more a vain, empty reverie. Then his eye fell upon the picture of a beautiful girl, which stood upon his desk. The sudden vision flashed before him almost as an apparition, her soul seemed to speak to him from the melancholy depths of her eyes. He mused again on the joyous days of old and sighed, "Ah, Grace, how I have fallen in your estimation. It is truly an awful thing to make at first an exaggerated impression of yourself upon the mind of one for whom you are destined to entertain such thoughts as I now do for you. You once thought me, at least, a little more than ordinary; you now know that I too, like many others you meet, am waging a hopeless fight against the power of ordinaryism. It may be very disappointing to have a friend fail completely to realize your first impression, but it is undoubtedly disheartening to be that friend and feel that you are the embodiment of a disappointment. I have fallen sadly in

her estimation, and even more so in my own. I wonder what place there is in this world for me. It can't be possible that God, who is the infinite perfection of harmony and beauty and power, can desire my inharmonious, discordant, weak life to continue any longer. No, He surely cannot. Then no one else can, and I desire it least of all. If there is no reason for it to continue, this very fact is a reason why it should be discontinued."

We will not attempt to descend with Philip into the rayless depths of gloom to which these thoughts took him; nor did the clear day that woke sunny and quiet on the morrow dispel the clouds that darkened his mental horizon. However, the cheery transformation in the weather was a true prediction of the dissipation of his gloom. Strangely, indeed, does the barometer of human feelings rise and fall. At some points of our personality are storm centers which, when certain conditions obtain, cast a gloom over the whole expanse of our mental vision, from horizon to horizon. But equally incomprehensible are the causes producing an o'ercast sky and those which like magic seem to clear away all clouds. These causes are strange complications of the physical and the mental always tinged by natural bent or inherited disposition. Whatever the true philosophy of college blues may be, their existence is an undoubted fact. Visible things may assist to remove them, but they themselves, like stubborn Fates, must first show an inclination to leave. The next day after this memorable Friday night Fitzgerald received a letter from home and smiled; Saturday night he went to a fraternity meeting, and laughed; Sunday morning the regular order of the seasons seemed to be set aside, and a perfect May day was dropped from heaven into the very midst of bleak old November, Philip took a long walk over mesa, through canon and gorge, where the chattering of birds as they flew from tree to crag, the tranquility of mighty mountain peaks, the sympathetic voice of warm zephyrs, whispering through the pines, poured a heavenly balm upon his spirit and drove the last vestige of cloud from his horizon. Monday he went to school without having on his impenetrable armor of gloom. Now that there was some hope in his breast he did not avoid, as usual, an opportunity to talk with Grace. With a thrill of joy she recognized that a dread crisis had passed and Philip was again himself. Before that day was over he learned that she cared as much for him as in the sweet days of old, that he had several friends whom he could call true, one of whom, at least, was more than worth living for. He began to realize that with her as a friend, his life need not be monotonous or mediocre, but full of the joy and satisfying stimulus of a healthy ambition. And when he looked back upon the depths from which he had emerged, he saw not only them, but the whole logical path of the college boy's life, which must occasionally go down into the valley of gloom, but which, if resolutely followed, will lead to sunny slopes and heights sublime, where the air is a breath of inspiration and the outlook a majestic poem.

WHEN THE HEART SPEAKS

A gracious word, a touch of hand,
A conscious look that makes one start;
We stood as people sometimes stand,
Without a word—you understand—
The heart had spoken to the heart.

And though our lives went different ways,
We still have played the self-same part;
And in despite of love's dismays,
Our voice has broken into praise,
That God had spoken through the heart.

So shall it be in after years,
However far we dwell apart;
As long as human kind has tears
As long as men have hopes and fears,
As long as heart can speak to heart.

—"Van."

Inspector Crandall looking for Sophs.

JUNIOR-FRESHMEN RECEPTION

We Juniors are a progressive class, so progressive that we decided to fall in line with the old customs. We inaugurate new ones. Our latest is to give a reception to the members of the Freshman class. It was strictly informal; as a matter of fact, two of our members wore white ducks, which at once set everybody at ease on account of the extreme lack of form. Well, we were all there on time and found the Gym. tastefully decorated with class colors from end to end. The Junior class of each of the four departments had a corner and there displayed a representation of its particular line of work. The Engineers, having a sparking apparatus in their display of instruments and handiwork, attracted the co-eds. particularly. The Medics, having just returned from an expedition, set forth in fierce glee, odds and ends of their chosen subject. A half ton of calf-bound books gave the law corner that truly legal aspect which so well characterizes the members themselves. A case of empty beer bottles represented the "first case" a young lawyer gets. A soft, pillowy corner filled with pretty girls exemplified the typical life of the college Junior. The plan was to give every one a chance at this corner, but those who got there first seemed to know a good thing and how to stick to it. Well, Mr. Parton, our popular class president, set the ball rolling by a few well-chosen words of welcome. Then we had one of those dreamy waltzes such as you read about. Things were progressing very nicely when, suddenly, some of the Sophs., inspired, no doubt, by Satan, with whom they had been seen much of late, cut the light wires and left us in darkness; at least as much as Juniors could be left in the dark. But we had anticipated such an event and in a jiffy the Gym. was aglow with dozens of lanterns artistically suspended from the ceiling by class colors. About this time the punch bowl was introduced, filled to overflowing with a nectar which soon found way to quench the all-consuming thirst of our guests. During this quenching process Miss Ina Young made our hearts turn fondly towards Cottage No. 1 by reciting a very pretty love story. Mr. Metzler then handled a laughable German dialect story in a way which showed him to be an artist. Next came our famous Junior Quartette, composed of Turman, Hill, Sess and Williams. The human mocking-bird then transformed himself into a piccolo and turned on the hot air, and whistled till our spines thrilled like a tuning fork. A few more dances made a happy climax to our evening's entertainment, and we all went home wondering how the University *could* get along without us.

—W. F. B.

TRIALS OF ZEUS

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

Zeus.....President Baker
Hephaestus.....Dean Hellems
Athena.....Various expediencies

ZEUS alone.

Ah, the pangs that in my head have seemed to center,
Springing from the mighty cares I have to bear,
Night and day my o'erworked brain is kept concocting
Ways and means to guide successfully my world.

From the strenuous striving, struggling in my being,
The profound, intense desire to make ends meet,
Has arisen to my brain a bursting pressure,
Which must out and solve the case or drive me mad.

I know not the nature of this fiery essence,
Which, a birth in fullest stature fierce demands.
Whether it be spirit fiendish and infernal,
Tricky, subtle, treacherous, cruel, chaos-loving,
Which when born will fiendishly deride and mock me,
Making e'en my crushing burdens weightier still;
Or an off-spring which befits my royal station,
Having mind imbued with knowledge, forethought, order,
Helper of my arduous tasks and expedient schemes.
But this headache must be 'suaged or 'twill destroy me
Even though I'm Father Zeus and rule o'er all.

Enter HEPHAESTUS.

ZEUS continues.

Come, Hephaestus, use thy skill that may relieve me,
I must a riddance get to this thing in my head,
So be quick to help me if it's in your power;
Bring along your golden axe with ivory handle,
Cleve my skull; I'm careless of whate'er results.

HEPHAESTUS.

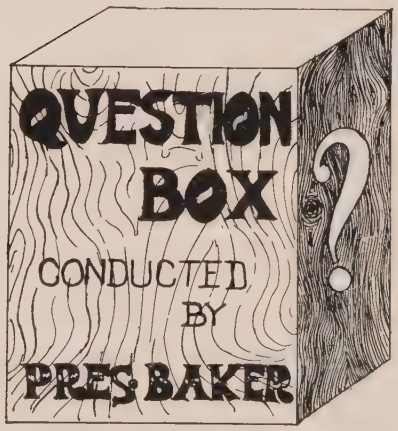
Nay, oh, mighty king of men and gods immortal,
Pardon me, I pray, my disinclination to chop you;
I fancy rather 'twere more wise to send for "Greg"
To bring a pill or dope to soothe your raging headache.

ZEUS.

Why dost thou with idle words thus chew the rag?
Knowest thou not my will brooks no interference?
Thou canst not begin to know the ache I feel;

'Tis as though some bronze-clad warrior lifts his axe
And bangs within my skull upon my pia-mater.
So simply do the things I bid, then you're excused.

(Hephaestus cleaves the skull of Zeus, when, to the amazement of both, a substanceless yet visible Athena springs out and rapidly expands to full size. She immediately begins to set forth schemes of passing strangeness and cleverness by which, first, legislators can be made to see the needs of a University whose expenses are $80,000 a year while they ought to be $160,000, and their income is $70,000, and seeing these needs, will be made to realize their duty in the case, and even to act accordingly. Zeus is so overwhelmed and dazed by the ponderous wisdom and ingenuity which could evolve such a plan, that he did not hear what Athena said next, but when he came to his senses, she was telling how students could be easily persuaded to have a deep and pious respect for the attendance committee; how the boys could be dissuaded from wearing sweaters at the cottage; how the laws could be taught to be civil in chapel; how some of the vile boys could be kept from smoking on the steps; how F--d W--t- and L-- P-ng-r, H-w--d R-b-rts-n and E-m- Sp---y, V--ghn S--km-n and I-a Y--ng, St-v- Ry-n and M-m- B-rd-r, etc., etc., might be kept from allowing so much of their valuable time to go to waist. Hephaestus was busy all this time making a note in shorthand (I think from what writing of his I have seen, it is shorthand) of all these suggestions to report at the next Faculty meeting. Many other valuable suggestions she gave, but they will be printed in next year's annual. Zeus, however, thought Athena was a pretty good thing to keep, so he gave her a position with a salary of $11.11 a month to make suggestions whereby the University could get a few $200,000 appropriations, and he lived happy ever after.)



Wigton—We do not know where you can rent a dress suit for less than $2.

Vaughn Sickman—Certainly a settee in a dark corner would be preferable to the ball room for such a purpose.

Rubidge—We recommend that you take a large dose of arsenic.

Anxious Mother—Yes, a chaperon is absolutely necessary in the case of Mr. Robertson.

Varrell—Two or three bottles of "anti-fat" would help your appearance in golf costume.

Griffith—Your friend should not hold your refusal to wipe dishes as a ground for breaking the date. She is paid to do that herself.

Kit R.—We would not advise you to wear so many frat pins, as it might lead some of your admirers to believe that you are engaged, and that might cause them to cease their attention.

(Later.) Thank you, Harry. We won't worry any more.

Dean Hellems—We are unable to decipher your fist.

RUBAIYAT OF A MODERN OMAR

I sometime's think it's really not worth while
To give heed to the kind, winsome smile
Of some sweet maid who stays here a brief time,
Our weary works and ways but to beguile.

The charming girl one sets his heart upon
Turns from him—or is gracious, and anon
She makes life bright for him or someone else
For just a little while, and she is gone.

A little text-book which is just a bluff,
A plate of fudge—though it's dyspeptic stuff,
And she and I together, quite alone,
And cottage life is Paradise enough.

Each fall a hundred maidens brings, you say,
Yes, but alas! they come not here to stay,
And June that brings Commencement and its joys
Shall take them one by one from us away.

Well, let it take them—once I thought that May
Alone could hold for me the joys of yesterday;
But now I find the month that brings the Rose
Can make my heart as glad and sad and gay.

GREAT EPIDEMIC

In our school we have a model health committee,
Well supported by the health board of the city;
They believe in vaccination, and perform with great elation
Operations cruel and awful without pity.
Just the least thing that is taking sets them quaking,

And strict rules of prevention sets them making.
They once, when they detected
All the young men were affected,
Even quarantined a maiden that was taking.

Most sweetly she obeyed the proclamation—
The youths protested at such isolation;
But she sent them all away,
Letting one poor sick man stay,
Who had caught the malady beyond salvation.

September 8

Registered to-day. I wanted to take football, but Dean Hellems wanted me to take the classical course instead. That Secretary is a rather inquisitive fellow. He made me fill out a blank telling him how old I was, and what papa's and mamma's names were, what color of hair I had, etc. I next saw the President. He must be a great man—because—well, I don't know—he impressed me that way.

September 10

Went to chapel to-day. Had to sit away up in the gallery and I almost felt afraid I would fall, it was so steep. There are lots of students here, and whenever the President is reading the Holy Scriptures they do their best to outholler each other. I couldn't make out what they were saying, only once or twice when they said there was a Freshman in the high chair, and that Prexy put him up there. I wonder what he did that for. I couldn't see him, but everybody laughed and then somebody hollered all the Freshmen have big feet, and everybody up in front turned and looked at me; why, I don't know.

October 5

I was down by the lake to-day. 'Taint much bigger than pa's ice pond. The fellow that was with me said that once they put a fellow in there in ice cold weather, and said they might get us Freshmen and do the same thing some night. What for, said I. Oh, just to see if you could swim out. And I told him I didn't see what fun there would be in that, but he only laughed.

October 10

Had an awful bad dream last night. I dreamt that I was being tossed. A Sophomore was telling me about it yesterday. He said it was fun to be tossed, but I don't

like the idea. I only wish if they are going to do it, they would hurry up about it. I wouldn't mind it, but I want it over with.

October 11

I feel kinder sore to-day and not at all well. They came after me last night, and I thought sure they were going to toss me, but they only took me out in front and told me to make a speech. The only thing I could think of was "Curfew shall not ring to-night." They liked it real well, and then told me to sing a song; I told them I didn't know anything, and so they said, "All right, boys, form in line"—and then the leader told me to crawl along between their legs and get spanked. Gentlemen, says I, where's your blanket that you were going to toss us with, and then they looked sheepish, and 'lowed that they didn't need one. But, gentlemen, says I, I want to be tossed. That made them mad and there was a rough house immediately. That's what they call it. And the result was that some one accidentally struck me in the eye, and—I feel kind of sore all over.

October 20

Found out to-day what flunk was; it was very disagreeable.

October 21

Flunked in algebra.

October 22

My hair was getting rather long, so I had it cut.

October 23

Saw the captain of the football team to-day and asked him if I could join. He smiled and said, You're built for a football player, but one thing disqualifies you. Did you ever see a football man with hair shorter than nine inches? I resolved to see for myself, and sure enough they never cut their hair at all. I felt pretty blue to think I can't play on the team just because I got my hair cut.

November 2

I'm a member of the debating club. It's a sort of a Frat., only you don't have to pay to get in. All you have to do is to debate, and I can do that to a frazzle. My declaiming comes in handy now. I never knew it

would. I use the same gestures as I learned in "Curfew shall not," only I act more mad and tragic like.

November 7

Feel awful blue to-night. Pa hasn't sent me that money, and I owe a week's board and $ .40 at the book store. He don't realize what a struggle a fellow has to keep down his expenses. I've had only one clean collar this week.

May 10

Examinations are coming on soon, and I don't know how I can get through them. Guess I will flunk, but don't care much. I have found out lots of folks do it anyway. I'm just beginning to enjoy college life, and don't think I look so much like a Freshman as I did. I part my hair in the middle and wear it as long as it grows. And then I have learned to smoke a pipe. This adds a lot of dignity to a fellow's appearance. I also got some nose glasses. They make me look a whole lot more distinguished. And a four-inch collar, too, like all the fellows wear. What will the folks say when they see me. Dad will be mad, I expect, for I owe two months' board and $40 outside. Oh, college life is worth living, after all.

SEVERAL SPASMS ON HI'ER KULTCHUR

'Twas then, my dear young gentlemen, that, having started from the loathsome depths of hated ignorance, by ever-ascending steps we had mounted the craggy heights of knowledge and stood on the topmost pinnacle of resplendent enlightenment. With our powerful and valiant foot grounded triumphantly in the panting breast of vanquished wisdom, we defiantly looked into the face of heaven and, Alexander-like, we demanded in the universe of widened learning still more worlds to conquer. But low from out the fetted depths of despised degradation there arises, with ever-swelling cadence, the disdainful scorn and pitiless mockery. We were startled, stood motionless and listened. Slowly, calmly came the words of prophetic warning: "In your upward strife for that mirage, for that fleeting cloud called wisdom, unwittingly you have made of yourselves but greedy magnets, attracting and acquiring to that spark of true regard for the feelings of your fellowman those heterogeneous atoms of unfeeling, unemotional facts, till now the coals of those innate gentlemanly instincts lie smoldering beneath the crust of lifeless, intellectual dross. In consequence, at this supreme moment you stand before the world, outlined against the brilliant sky of

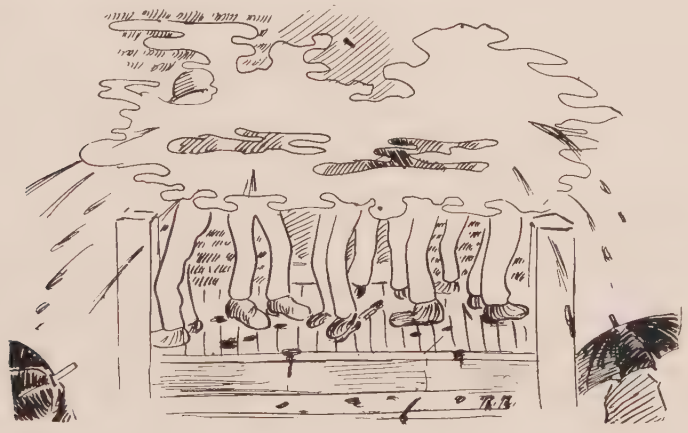
pure humanity, as a diamond in the rough. Therefore, in all sincerity and good faith, my advice is this—'come off the perch.'" The warning was heard and was heeded. Straightway in the U. of C. the sandpapering, chiseling process of refinement was begun. Concerning the success attained or to be attained, let us say little, do little, but let it suffice that ere long there issued from the chair of "Hi'er Kultchur" the following stricts and restrictions:

Fit 1.

Whereas the young men of this institution will persistently indulge in the goo goo pleasure of waisting time, be it suggested by this omnipotent, omnipresent Board of "Hi'er Kultchur" to these same and aforesaid young men, boys and Freshmen, that they have compassion on the fair, oppressed co-eds. of the 'Varsity, and for a time at least give 'em a rest and chance to expand. Meanwhile, to keep in practice, they might devote their attention to the numerous opportunities, the which, for the want of a hugger, are drooping and pining away.

Spasam 2.

After many heated arguments pro and con, after numerous consultations with Hoyle, Ruth Ashmore and Miss Doolittle, the Board have



unanimously agreed that it isn't quite the proper thing, doncher know, for a young gentleman to idly saunter up behind a young lady and there and then deliberately and maliciously strike her to the ground. A most wise and just decision, oh! Honorable Board, but pardon if at this point we vouchsafe an explanation, for we feel certain that the event which brought this notice before the notice of the Faculty was by them misunderstood. Granted that Mr. W. and Miss B. were seen walking together, when suddenly Miss B. was seen to reel, stagger and plunge forward and fall to the ground, we are unable to believe, however, that Mr. W. felled her with a single blow from his strong right arm, but think rather that he had, in an unguarded moment, related to her one of his obtuse jokes, and just at that moment the point had struck her and she tumbled.

Convulsion 3.

Appreciating the fact that to know how to smoke is one of the distinct characteristics of the male students of the University, the Board bows to the inevitable, and by force and custom of popular opinion is compelled to see the young men "tobacco smoke and spit their lives away." Timidly and cautiously the Faculty do make one request of those young men who persistently persist upon liquidating Battle Axe in the reception rooms, and beg of them to kindly get an easy and accurate range of the stove door, in consideration of the fact that as yet all the angels in the cottages are not provided with wings and rubber boots. In placing these rules and regulations before the students body, the Faculty has used the greatest delicacy and care, and in self-defense has chosen for their creed the following motto: "If we offend, it is with our good will; that you should think we come not to offend, but with good will, to show our simple skill, that is the true beginning of our end."

—An Idiot.

WOODBURYITES

Guardian Angel.....Benny Fitz
Grand Tee Totum.....O. E. Garwood
Presiding Genius.....H. A. Carr
Chief Ice Cutter.....Bert Tonkin or Adams
The Man Who Tells Us How To Do Things.....Gee Spit Fowler
Counsellors.....Dyer, Moore & Co.
(Spot Nolan is the company here mentioned)
Parental Advisor.....Willie-be-good-Hatch
Safe Mover.....4 Spot Cleaves

STANDING COMMITTEES.

Water Supply and Reservoirs.....Dink, Tank and Tonk
Assistant Ice Cutters.....Whitey, Dink Snyder and Dier
Rube and occasionally Mike Donald
Hot Air, any subject, any quantity.....Ikie Cassellestine
Rag Chewers.....Moore, Pat, Whitey
(Other Committees called in as necessary.)

SUITE NO. 1.

Rubidge.
McDonald.
McCandless.
Argall.

SUITE NO. 2.

Brown.

SUITE NO. 3.

Tonkin.
Whitey.
Ikey.

SUITE NO. 4.

Nolan.
Moore.

SUITE NO. 5.

Fowler.
Dier.
Romans.

SUITE NO. 6.

Greg.
Dutton.

SUITE NO. 7.

Pat.
Dyer.
Snyder.
Underwood.

SUITE NO. 8.

McCain.
Wiley.
Wigton.
McKinley.

SUITE NO. 9.

Fitz.
Cleaves.

SUITE NO. 10.

Hatch.
Carr.
Parlin.

SUITE NO. 11.

Adams.
Stickney.

SUITE NO. 12.

Garwood Bros.

THE STAMP ACT

In the Secretary's office
On a very busy day
Sat a co-ed., quite bewitching,
Licking lots of stamps for pay,
When a Junior Engineer,
Who passed by and chanced to see'er,
Did a thing you'd scarce believe
'Twas our old friend Gilder———),
Wrote a verse in rhyme and meter
(Never saw a verse done sweeter),
But for each alternate line
Was this sentiment divine—
(Cupid prompted—little scamp)—
"How I wish I were a stamp."

There was a young Junior named Thayer,
Who sat in the big office chair;
The Dean of the school
Remarked to him, cool,
"Aren't you next in this wedding affair?"
Now Harry seized hold of this cue,
Leaped up without more ado,
Slapped the Dean on the back,
A resounding whack,
"No, Doc; it's sure up to you."

"Who killed Cock Robbie?"
"I," said the Sperry.

MINOR LUMINOSITIES

There is an Assistant named Blake
Who ought to be burned at the stake.
He talks through his nose;
Wears dark, preacher's clothes,
And his physics are very opaque.

There is another Assistant named Lory,
But with him it's a far different story;
He knows what he teaches—
Practices what he preaches—
And so he is covered with glory.

Another Assistant's named Carr;
He's above all the rest of us far;
His head's full of 'ologies,
We make our apologies,
And hope you won't smear him with tar.

There's another Assistant named Fowler;
Lord save us from such a great howler;
He's a Y. M. C. A.;
Tries football to play,
When he ought to be rushing the growler.

There's another called Georgenberger—
In politics he is a surger;
He put up a talk to Prexy one day,
And thus became an Assistant, they say,
Without seeing Ford. Oh, my, what a splurger!

Another Assistant's named Bailar;
In chemistry he is a whaler;
Di—methyl—sulpho—benzoile
Is the kind of stuff that's in his spiel—
We wish he would go ship as a sailor.

Still another Assistant is Blake No. 2;
He's always quite jolly and never looks blue;
He's Assistant in Chem.—
That's true, but then,
He never knows anything new.

There is a young fellow called Argall,
Who is always giving us gargle,
In imitating poor Dooley
And Alderman Hooley,
Mr. Tankibus 4 Sphotibus Argall.

A DREAM

One night he lay asleeping
Our Dean, so young and fair,
He thought he saw a vision of
Our Alma Mater there.
He saw the students, marching up,
As per request of Dean,
To sign their naturalization papers,
And keep their records clean.

He saw them all at chapel hour,
On every day of the week,
Come quietly in, nor was one seen
To peep, then take a sneak.
The Laws he thought were quiet once,
Nor on the steps did tarry;
And Pesky G., quite strange to see,
Had motions none to carry.

And then again the scene was changed,
Another lay in bed.
And visions strange, fantastic, queer,
Float 'round our Prexy's head.
He thinks the boys no longer smoke,
Nor sweaters wear to call,
Nor ride their wheels upon the walk,
Nor spoon within the hall.

He dreams the girls of No. 2
Doolittle else but grind;
They never whistle, laugh or talk—
Their joy in study find.
He thought the Legislature met
And voted with a yell
Appropriations large enough
So that finances wouldn't be any more trouble at all.

"Not in the wind, not in the earthquake, not in the fire, but in the still small voice."

From the lower floor comes a dreadful roar,
Surroundings wildly shake;
In natural laws, the only cause
Strong wind or earth a-quake.
But trees are still and buildings fill
Each its accustomed site.
'Tis fire then, and noisy men
The conflagration fight.
On rushing down the fire to drown,
At break-neck pace most risky,
The source is found of all that sound,—
The still, small voice of Pesky.

INA E

She's rather pretty and somewhat witty,
But has a lively tongue.
She's fond of boys, and Profs annoys,
Forgive—she's very Young.

A REVERSE OF FORTUNE

Several youths most fortunate
Miss Fortune have met;
They now are unfortunate,
She's Miss Fortune yet.

Dr. Brackett (after the R. V. wedding) to the Literature Class:

"Fifteen women were grinding at a mill,
One was taken, the others grind still."

See what change is brought about,
Now Robbie dresses well,
No more he wears his corduroys,
But plays the heavy swell.

While Nellie hangs about the Hall,
Vera goes the Rounds.

Two bitter rivals—the Craber's dance—
The maid's in Denver—their only chance.
L. sends a note—her to beseech;
T. boards the train—the maid to reach;
The letter speeds—the maid's not found;
She's on the train—for Boulder bound;

T. waits at Marshall—her train to meet;
Across the aisle—he finds a seat;
The question's asked—the maid said yes.
The other's feelings you may guess,
When at the station he did see
The Freshman maid helped off by T.,
Who lost his hat—but caught his Carr,
Had no regret—he'd gone so far.

We wish to extend our heartfelt sympathy to the Duchess de Longmont, who, on account of impaired eyesight, has been compelled to dispense with the brilliant glare emanating from the chandelier in the drawing room of Dudley Hall; and also to the two young gentlemen who therefore are forced to spend alternate evenings in total darkness.

WANTED

To see the point of a joke in time to laugh.—E. F. S.
A quiet moment.—L. P.
Another boy to bring up.—M. E. E.
To be called Princess.—S. H.
A Senior cap and gown to wear.—M. E. W.
Dance music to continue indefinitely.—R. K. A. and A. G. M.
To be able to walk faster.—W. C. A.
Another beau.—I. Y.
To be a little taller.—M. W.
Saturdays and Sundays to come quickly.—V. D.
A reason why I am so opposed to wearing a cap and gown.—F. P.

Rose—"Why are you not going to the University dance?"

Studious Freshman—"Well, I have no party gown, and no dancing slippers, and I can't dance, and anyway I haven't been asked."

Seattle, Wash. 98111

QUIS?

Puer sedet on the lawn
Fumat he but circum eum
Sit puellae—miserum—
Worship him as if a deum.

I heard the trailing garments of L———
Sweep through the college halls.
I saw her dainty skirts all fringed with dust,
Gathering each germ that falls.

O. S., CERNE, AND CLAIR

With her pretty peacock airs,
Shining crest and feather,
Neata Clark's a pretty bird,
All agree together.

And to catch this dainty birdling
Near the nest come prowlers;
Small the charms for amateurs,
Three are expert Fowlers.

Girl Student—"Do you keep stationary?"

Clerk (at Maxwell & Greenman's)—"No. I would loose my job if I did."

Whitey—"Did you hear about the two holes in the ground?"

Engineer—"No."

Whitey—"Well, well."

Florence paused in her translating,
Showed unusual lack of skill.
"Fishes with—," the word was wanting
In her "dic" the blank to fill;
Then a friend who sat beside her
Kindly whispered it meant "Gill."

Wanted—Some one to solve the problem how the ten young ladies at Poundstone's can entertain company on Sunday evening in the hall, parlor and dining room, and each have a settee (there being only two), and not have more than one couple in a room.

Mr. Varrell—"How many declensions have German nouns?"

Engineer—"Three."

Mr. V.—"Yes; what are they?"

Eng.—"The strong and the weak" (pause).

Mr. V.—"Yes, and the third?"

Eng. (desperately)—"The medium."

One light burned bravely in the dining room over the Pi Phi table. Beneath it sat two people, a girl and a man, bending closely over a little book which the girl held in her left hand. Her right was clasped around the man's upturned palm, which she was scanning minutely. As we gently opened the door the brown, curly head was raised, solemnly the big gray eyes looked into his, and across the silence a soft voice said: "Parson, you will never be the commander of a navy." We closed the door again and stole silently away—it was the Palmistry Club.

Student (reads)—"Mein Hertz ist kummervoll." (Translates.) "My heart is full."

Instructor—"Yes, more than that."

Student—"Overflowing?"

Student (reads)—"Rasteas walzte der Soldat auf dem Lager." (Translates.) "Restlessly the soldier rolled off a log."

Mr. Cassell (reads)—"Das Madchen fleschte ein Band in dem Harr." (Translates.) "The maiden twined a band in her hair."

Instructor—"Not quite so literal. A ribbon rather than a band."

(A day later.)

Mr. Cassell (reads)—"Wie schon der Kuh das Band zu Halse steht." (Translates.) "How becoming the ribbon is to the neck of the cow."

GENERAL BORES

Having committees appointed to consider caps, pins, etc., and report later.

Having to write excuses for being absent from classes.

Being flunked on account of devotion to student interests.

Seeing motions carried in chapel.

Prof. Norlin's references in mythology.

Dr. Allin's "the child recapitulates the history of the race."

CO-EDS FASHION CORNER

Reception gowns are in good order for ordinary college use.—L. N.

For pattern hats consult—R. G.

Artistic combination of colors.—M. K.

Stiff, enterprising bows for the hair, with suggestions as to how to wear them.—J. C.

Cerisse and yellow are the latest spring colors.—I. T.

We wish to call the attention of G. L. and G. U. to the fact that one-story pompadours have gone out of style. Three-story pompadours are the latest.—K. B.

Mittens are worn spring, summer, fall and winter.—H. P.

Hints on effective hairdressing.—I. Y.

We wish to call R. D.'s attention to the new jeweled S. P.'s. They please the fastidious eye more than the brass ones.

I. Y. graciously supplies hats, neck ribbons and suit cases on short notice.

Extremely short skirts are the proper thing and should never be worn with high boots.—V. W.

It saves time to avoid all unnecessary prinkiness.—M. B.

ANNUAL BOARD'S PRIVATE DIARY

Number of times received good, voluntary contributions..... 2
Average number of times asked for each article..... 17½
Number of times received sympathy (from last year's board)..... 1
Number of times lied about the superior quality of this year's book.. 16

Number of times kicked ourselves for ever being elected..... 98
Number of times we felt happy and encouraged..... 3
Number of times we expect to hide out in the cave on Flag Staff after Annual is published..... 23
Number times flunked on account of hustling copy.....219
Number of times we would like to be Juniors and edit the Annual..000
Number of hours credit lost on account of roasting the Faculty.... 19

TRYING TO OVERCOME A COOL RECEPTION.
COTTAGE NO. 2.

"Dressed in overalls, lanin' on his pick."

DOOLEY'S DRAME

Moike, me son, did Oi iver tell yez av the big drame Oi had one toim afther a big drink? No? Well, mon, Oi'll tell yez the story av ye'll promise t'keep it a gr-rate sacret. Ye see th'was a big weddin wan noight an' me an' th'boys thought to do the thing up brown be givin' them a grand shirarri. Mon, but ye should hev heard the racket. Dorny-Brook fair was a hospital be th' soid if it. But it war no use, the unfortunate groom wud not come up with the proise iv the drinks an' we wuz condimmed to buy thim ourselves, an' iv course bought more than we would iv the gent had been dacent with us. Ony way, Oi got home and intil me bed and had a wonderful drame. It makes me shake now, fer to think of it. First I dremt Oi wuz goin' to wor-ruk on the ditch and be gobbs, they wuz a new forman, a tall chap he wuz, wid a terrible look to 'im, dressed in overalls, lanin' on his pick. "Th' top of the mornin', sor," says Oi to him, an' he turned to me, and good hivins, it was Prexy. When Oi recovered from me surprise an' wuz goin' to make bowld to speak to 'im, be goods he vanished, and Oi began to think Oi wuz going

'Major Fulton, . . . ,' on the big base drum."

"It wuz Varrall, . . . the hardest thramp Oi iver saw."

"Had a little camera wid 'im, takin' snap shots."

crazy. An' thin as Oi sat by the side of the ditch, suddenly it bakame avenin' and growed dar-ruk. Oi hears the welcome sound of the Salvation Army comin', an' bein' terrible full, Oi naturally followed thim. Well, may the divil fly away wid me if the first mon I see wasn't Major Fulton, and him with his red sweater an' a gold band on his cap wuz murderin' a tune on the big base drum. Hivins, I thought, what a fall for a foin mon. An' thin a dirty divil of a thramp bumped into me and Oi hit him a kick and wuz fur landin' him one on the jaw, when Oi happened to persaive thot Oi knew 'im. It wuz Varrall, no longer a jude, but the hardest thramp Oi iver saw. Well, be this toim me forhead wuz thumpin' like a stone hammer and Oi thot Oi'd better be gittin' home before Oi be run in. As Oi turned the corner Oi run intil old mon Brackett and near upset 'im.

"Hivins presarve me! I looked at me old frind Dr. Giffin."

"Dr. Hellems . . . a good lookin' prast, and that's no drame."

Poor mon, he had a little camera wid 'im an' was takin' snaps at everybody and havin' the divil's own toim. Sure I tried to walk straight goin' past the old mon, but the best Oi could do wuz to fall into a butcher's shop on the ither soide of the strate. Oi braced up and started to apologize, whin, Hivins presarve me, I looked at me old frind, Dr. Giffin. Ochore! Ochore! shure I wuz well nigh distracted.

"Me old frind 4-Spot."

"Ramally at the pianni."

"Dr. Duane wid de cornet."

Thin Oi thot Oi saw Father Kelly and Oi wint over til 'im thinkin' Oi wud git 'im to steer me home, but whurla! whirra! it was no Father Kelly Oi saw, but Dr. Hellems. Faith, a good-lookin' prast he made, and that's no drame. Thin, somehow or ither, Oi got intil a concert hall and wuz struck dumd. The ticket mon wuz me old frint 4 Spot, and he wuz a drame. There wuz Ramally at the pianni, Dr. Duane wid de cornet, with Murphy and Ayer doin' the vaudeville acts. DeLong wuz ividintly the ward boss. Shure, at first Oi thought he wuz Croker, an' the whole show bowed down before him, the waiters rushed up to wait on 'im. Be gobbs, it wuz the D. T.'s Oi had be this toim. Oi got out intil the street Oi don't know how, and got intil a crowd who wuz goin' intil a big church, and Oi saw the preacher wuz Dr. Palmer and Oi fainted. A cop grabbed me and Oi rode to the jail. Here, thinks Oi, Oi'll rest aisy and be troubled no more wud strange freaks. Oi thought Oi fell and struck me head against the floor, but it was

". . . Murphy . . ."

"Ayer doin' the vaudeville acts."

"DeLong, . . . at first Oi thought he wuz Croker."

"The preacher wuz Dr. Palmer."

only the alarm clock in me room and Oi woke in a cold sweat. Moike, me son, niver get intoxicated and av bad drames. Shure, me wan fallin' off has turned me head gray.

—P. H. A.

ANNUAL BOARD BORES

(22 cal. and up.)

Begging classes to have pictures taken.
Begging classes to pay for cuts.
Getting students to contribute articles.
Having students tell you they have no ability.
Getting peanut hulls through the Annual box.

TO THE FRESHMEN AND SENIORS

To you, great classes, new and old,
We humbly bend the knee.
And it is you to whom we owe
The school's prosperity.

To you, great class of 1904,
Who know not yet the sin
Of ponying, we owe our thanks
For bringing knowledge in.

And you, oh, class of naughty one,
Though knowledge you display,
We thank your liberality
In taking none away.

—"Van."

The Senior Dummy

"Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

Bearing this suggestive placard, a strange, black-robed figure slid quietly over from the Freshman gallery, swept gracefully over the heads of the students and Faculty and anchored itself calmly over the President's head.

A low, mournful groan went up from the Senior row, as they saw a hideous, grinning, two-faced figure clothed in one of their beloved gowns and jauntily surmounted by one of those stylish "mortar boards" of ancient design.

"Prex" was pretty hot, and was giving the Juniors a curtain talk, when the dummy, as if to protest against such a thing, burst loose from his moorings and fell to the floor, knocking him gently on the head in passing.

At this critical moment one of the Profs pounced upon the fallen dummy and before any one could interfere cut off its head and hurled the lifeless body down among the astonished Seniors.

This did not add to our chance of acquittal, but "Prexy" said that if we would give him seven reasons why the dummy was like the Seniors he would let us off.

1. It was double-faced.
2. It had just pulled through.
3. It was the laughing stock of the University.
4. It was not a student.
5. It came near being the death of our President.
6. The Faculty never want to see it again.
7. It didn't amount to anything anyhow.

Everlasting Silence Society

President.....Lu Pinger
Vice President.....Fred White
Secretary.....Ina Young
Corresponding Secretary.....G. Cliff Nichols
Treasurer.....Pesky Garwood
Business Manager.....W. L. Turman

OBJECT.

1. To teach by example the beautiful lesson—that silence is golden.

2. To reach Prexy's and Miss Doolittle's highest ideals of student decorum and never laugh any louder than will be heard from Cottage No. 2 to Prof. DeLong's.

SPECIAL SUBJECTS FOR INSTRUCTION.

Stephen William Ryan.
Lucinda Marie Garbarino.
Blanch Ethelyn Ricketts.

"I'VE WAITED, HONEY, WAITED LONG FOR YOU"

Adapted for K. A.

The difficulty no one knows
Of entertaining beaus.
The girls hang round the Reception Room
In aggravating rows.
The boys stand out upon the porch
Their fairest ones to see;
But only one can see his maid,
And she sings this sweetly:

CHORUS.

I've waited, honey, waited long for you,
Tho' far away, you know, love, I've been true.
I've waited all this time
To hold the room for mine;
I've waited, honey, waited long for you.

I've waited long since dinner time,
And through the afternoon,
Until the evening shadows hid
The sunlight in the room.
And now my waiting's ended,
I'll sing this little song,
In hopes you will appreciate
My waiting here so long.

CHORUS.

I've waited, honey, waited long for you,
Tho' far away, you know, love, I've been true.
I've waited all this time
To hold the room for mine;
I've waited, honey, waited long for you.

ACT 1.

SCENE 1—Boulder, Woodbury Hall.

Enter BRUTUS MOORE and CASSIUS NOLAN (who plot to swipe an electric light globe from the hall.)

BRUTUS M.

But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
Think'st thou not that I
Can "wear" the noble Caesar?

CASSIUS N.

I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
But I had as lief not be
As that Caesar should o'ertake me in this plot.

BRUTUS M.

But—Cassius, we will but take this globe,
Which is like to all the others in the Dorm.
How can he lay the blame to us?

CASSIUS N.

As you will, Brutus,
But see that all due caution be observed
That we be not taken in the act.

They take the globe and retire to room 4.

ACT 2.

SCENE 2—Woodbury Hall, Room 4.

Enter CAESAR CRANDALL, soliloquizing.

CAESAR C.

Yon Cassius hath a lean and hungry look,
He thinks too much? I would that he were fatter.
Ha—what's this? A globe, and, as I live,
It bears my secret mark.
Now I have him on the hip.

CASSIUS N.

Ye gods, it doth amaze me, etc.

BRUTUS M.

And this from him we thought so easy.
Why, man, he doth bestride the Campus like a Colussus, etc.

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Finishing

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